Toronto Saturday Night.

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Around Town.

The experience of Dubuque should contain sufficient instruction for Toronto. In that town the storage system of running electric street cars was put in, but it has been determined to change to the trolley system, because the other gives no satisfaction at all. It is irregular, unreliable and expensive beyond comparison. More weight should be attached to the evidence of officials of a town that has experimented with a new system than to the report of a Toronto alderman who, accoutred with a carpet bag and a green family umbrella, went out into the remote world in search of information. A traveling investigator of this sort is liable to fall in with a confidence man in the employ of a storage concern, without in his simplicity suspecting the fact. There are some very wicked men in every large city, and the sight of a stranger with a carpet bag generally arouses the worst that is in them. Ald. Saunders is no chicken to be stuffed with sage and onions by the first novice who sets eyes on him, but, if he will permit himself for argument's sake to be referred to as a fowl at all, he is a shrewd and sensible bird of mature years who, when he explores the garden for sage and onions, never fails to fill his crop with that which he seeks. Predisposed in favor of the storage system, he had his views strengthened by a trip to Washington. The man who could not improve his arguments after such a trip would be a poor fist of a fellow, sure enough. But there is no getting over the fact that Dubuque is abandoning the new storage for the old trolley system, and that fact confounds all the fine reasoning that can be advanced in its favor. Some day, and perhaps not far ahead, there will be perfected a system for running electric cars without the use of dangerous overhead wires and unsightly poles, but that system is not yet developed, according to those cities that have experimented with it. In the meantime, are we to put up with horse cars until inventors shall have discovered the fullest capabilities of electricity? The minute one discovery has been made in electricity a new and unthought of realm of invention has been revealed, and if prudence bids us wait now until the storage system is perfected, may not that achievement portend so much that the same prudence will bid us await some further result that the mind of man is groping for? While our civic authorities would be thus waiting in silly indecision around the door of progressive science, the years would trot past on the weary backs of spavined horses. Other cities, unmindful of the hopes of inventors, would act promptly and profit by the solid results as they came to hand. The authorities of this town are expected to see that the company puts in the best system obtainable, but neither the Mayor nor aldermen are commissioned to gamble in scientific futures. Their business is to treat conditions as they find them and to display some decision and despatch.

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In private life a man may be a cloud-chaser if he desires, but in public life he must be practical. The storage system would be far the best if it would work. It won't work, so it is ruled clear out of the field. The practical man does not sit down and wait for perfection in the implements of his trade, but secures the best he can lay hold of. The trolley system is a century in advance of the present one; it is the only good one now available—adopt it, and leave experimentation to students and speculation to dreamers. We will greatly improve our conveniences, that we know, whereas by experimenting with unfinished inventions we only confer a problematical benefit upon a succeeding generation. As Sir Boyle Roche indignantly enquired, "What has posterity ever done for us?" Of course it is a very laudable purpose, when personally explained, that actuates the Mayor and his body-servants in this affair. They seek to force the company when putting in a system to agree to substitute a better one any time during the life of the lease should a better one be discovered. Unfortunately, 'tis not in the bond, Antonio! The lawyers and other shrewd men who represented the city in preparing that bond, failed to provide for the circumstance that inside thirty years electricity might so far outstrip its present convenience as it at present outstrips the horse car of thirty years ago. The time to speculate on future possibilities has passed by, but it will not repair the misfortune to waste time that now belongs to business-like activity. Engineer Cunningham has reported in favor of the trolley system, as did Engineer Jennings last year.

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The city has no power to force the company; it can only approve or condemn what is proposed. From the wording of the lease and with the experience of Dubuque as evidence, I believe if the city were to undertake to force the company to put in the storage system, the company could fight the matter in court and win. This is not a legal opinion and I will not be responsible if either party to the case follows it to their discomfiture. It is a lay opinion, perhaps as faulty as it is free. The only course for the city to pursue seems to be to make the dicker suggested by Mr. Blake; that is, ask the company to agree to change the system as the city may desire, when it takes the notion, and at the expense of the city. Toronto, which, as represented in its Mayor, was recently putting on such cock-lofty airs with the company, must beg even this small bargain, and may be refused it too. To such a humiliating necessity has the city been reduced by a careful interpretation of that immaculate lease which was the handiwork of a lawyer so great that the city, in order to get it done at all by his master hand, had to follow him to Murray Bay and there do him homage.

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The trolley system is not what it might be and it will be an unfortunate thing if the city is forced to put up with it for thirty years despite the marvels of invention that may come into use in that time. Of course such inventions as may be profitably adopted by the company will be adopted, but others will not. While it would be regrettable if we are tied down for thirty years to a system that next year may be superseded by one infinitely better, yet the fault lies with the guardians of the people who last summer made a cast iron agreement without providing for so reasonable a possibility. Nothing can be gained by blustering and trying a high handed game with a company that consists of shrewd men, whose conspicuous keenness is fortified by the advice of the ablest lawyers. Being neatly caught—having no case in law, let us generously refrain from threatening an appeal to law; since the bond does not secure us that which we want, let us in all loving kindness forego flourishing the bond, and arrange the matter as between gentlemen of honor. I believe this is good, man-of-the-world advice. If you can take a thing, send a bailiff after it; if you can't take it, play the gentle, loving friend for a day or two and perchance you may receive it as a gift.

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On the other hand, the trolley system has for years been the only successful electric street car system and it may hold its place for many years to come. Invention may disclose means for completely dispelling the danger to life now involved in it. Advancement may for some time be in this direction rather than in the perfection of the storage battery, and therefore it is a miserable policy to stand undecided now. Be alive and show life, dash, enterprise! "Seize the goods the gods provide thee," and put in a system of rapid transit that will show we belong to this century and not to the last. Let us get abreast of the times, for while we loiter in dreamy hope of getting away in advance of them we are simply falling further to the rear. The men who are trying to make fame for themselves should stand aside and let this work, which will employ an army of laboring men, be commenced, for it has been delayed too long already.

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They say that Emperor William of Germany has a new affection of the head that must produce lunacy when aided by his other ailments. His is a sad case. Men of democratic ideas, advanced thinkers, socialists, and the whole confraternity of zealots who desire to smash everything that had the ill-taste to exist before they were born, may sneer, but in truth his is a sad case. He is a young man of high spirit, but before he had passed his teens every cup of pleasure had been poured out to him and the emptied vessels thrown aside; every flower of ambition had been plucked ready to his hand and then crushed contemptuously in his path. There was nothing towards which his high spirit could struggle and disport its strength, and when he did ascend the throne of his fathers it was as a matter of course, it was with a pomp that was stale to his senses, amid applause that had been familiar to him from the cradle and that only served to aggravate the aches and pains of his invalid head. The milk soured at touch of his lips, the egg addled at touch of his spoon, there was nothing to relish, no triumph to gratify his heart. Those who envy him must know that in becoming Kaiser he experienced no feeling more gratifying to himself than that which a farmer's invalid son feels on becoming himself owner of the family acres. The Kaiser, like the peasant, was born to an estate, was taught and trained accordingly, and succeeded to it as a matter of course. They each had plans of what they would do, and all their plans were for the time when they would be free to act at will. No heir-apparent, whose right of succession was undisputed, ever made the acquiring of the crown the conclusion of his hopes, for that seemed a certainty and the beginning of his career. He looked forward to a time when he could avenge past reverses, could widen his dominions, or redress the grievances of his people so that he would be loved in life and remembered in history. No farmer's son ever looked forward to owning the homestead as the summit of his hopes, after which he would be willing to die in peace, for he expected to own it, and all his youthful plans sprang over and beyond that event to the time when he could enlarge his buildings, plant new groves of trees, and raise money to suit some long-cherished purpose. The Kaiser and the peasant being in their widely different spheres so much alike, I conceive there is no great dissimilarity in their emotions when they both discover at the time of succession that their hopes are vain, for ill-health consumes them and inevitable death approaches them from a short distance. The memory of their hopes haunts and torments them alike.

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If William had been a disputed claimant or a small noble who by the force of his own valor or strategy had secured the throne, the bare attainment of it would have afforded him pleasure and satisfied him that he had achieved something in life, but the crown became his as naturally as a clerkship falls to the ordinary young man and that is but the beginning of everything. He takes the clerkship with no particular thanks for anybody, because all boys must get a chance, but he plans to be a merchant prince some day. William ascended the throne of the Hohenzollerns in a similar mood, but his case is like that of a young clerk who on the first day of his commercial career finds himself a hopeless consumptive. His late hopes scamper across his mind sneering and jibing him. And when the diseased Emperor thinks of his deceased father, who passed away so untimely and whose whole life was such a sorry failure from the standpoint of those engaged in the king business, he must feel rebellious at fate. To me there is nothing surprising in the fierce restlessness of the Kaiser, for I see in him one who picked up the sceptre as the tool of his trade but finds that he must either abandon those ambitious projects that are part of his life or else crowd them into the few brief and sickly years now left to him.

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With a fierce resentment against fate he would fain outwit it. Like the sculptor, whom death has marked for its own, and who grasps his chisel and endows it with a genius that the ruddiest health had failed to impart, until from under the magic of his fevered touch the rarest images stand forth to enrapture mankind through all the ages; like the dying painter who takes his brush and on immortal canvas portrays the deepest passions of his troubled soul, so that men forever guard his name—like these, why should not this ambitious but unhappy war-lord in the frenzy of despair retort upon fate by seizing his sword and to every agony of his failing heart make Europe give a responsive palpitation? Why should he not resolve on this, for his sword is his chisel, his brush, his pen, and he thirsts to perpetuate his name as much as any sculptor, painter or author ever did.

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But, you say, it would be very wicked, uncivilized, unchristian to precipitate such a war. Go tell that to poets, painters and preachers, but tell not the war-lord so! It might be unchristian to cause such a war, but it would be very natural for an ambitious man to exchange five years of peevish illness and an eternity of oblivion for five years of martial glory and a great name in human history. A war-lord in debating this question might conclude to brave the criticism of moral reasoners for the better understood delights of such a career. Napoleon's genius has already lived down the reproaches caused by the blood he spilt. Plebeian blood and life in one century, whether sacrificed or not to the ambitions of the great, is accorded no value by the people of the next century. In another hundred years school children will suppose there were only three men at the battle of Waterloo—Napoleon, Wellington and Blucher. The only test applied by posterity to a warrior, is the measuring of his success. Those only are execrated who fail. If the devil had been successful in his rebellion he would have been worshipped and praised instead of reviled and condemned by the human insect. The masses of last century are nothing more to us than if they had never been; they simply existed to afford certain famous kings with subjects to rule over—to afford certain valiant generals with armies to lead—to afford certain gifted writers with readers so that in buying books these great men might live—to afford certain great politicians with constituents to hoodwink with their false theories or capture with their sound ones. Next century we, the people, will form a hazy background in the picture historians will paint of half a dozen figures among us, who, we know not. That is what the masses are for, according to ancient custom and the habit of historians, so why should not Emperor William of Germany unsheathe his sword and carve in glorious characters the name of a half-mad Kaiser across the path men will travel forever? What man of spirit could resist his temptation?

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It was fitting that the Finance Minister should on the floor of Parliament denounce Sir Richard Cartwright for writing that notorious contribution to the London *Economist*. Probably no man passing for a statesman in any country ever did a more maliciously mean thing to the land in which he lived. However hurtful an action may be, it is only malicious when it is done with the intention of inflicting injury. Sir Richard's motive in telling the people of England through their leading financial paper that Canada is going to the mischief, was wholly bad. In telling the British financier that our taxation trebled in the past thirteen years and that the public debt is growing enormously; in telling the British statesmen that unless a great change comes Confederation must perish or grow rotten; in telling the British farmer that the agriculturists of the Dominion have been simply bled white and are poorer than they were twelve years ago, and that in the past ten years one million and a half of our population have left in disgust to take up homes in the United States, his motive was bad. He did not relate this tale of woe to English ears with any idea that in doing so he would remedy those things of which he complained; he did not recite the sad story to practice his tongue, for God knows he has recited it in this country until everyone is as tired of him as of a shrew wife who bickers and scolds even in her sleep. He did it knowing, for he has sense, that it would injure Canada in Great Britain.

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Supposing that all he said were true and not a series of clever exaggerations, is it the honorable part of a man who has held high office in the Dominion, who now practically leads a great party and aspires to the Premiership, is it the part of such a man to stand on the shores of England, when we are spending large sums to increase population, and tell the passing procession of immigrants every evil truth he can think of about Canada, presenting a badge of knighthood received from the Queen and credentials from the great Liberal party of this country as a guarantee that every damnatory word he utters may be relied upon? Is it his part to tell these people, undecided whether to settle here or in the States, that our farmers are too poor to live and are swarming across the line day and night to escape ruin and grow rich? When ten million dollars of Canadian bonds are for sale on the English market, is it the honorable part of such a man to enter the financial offices of London, presenting the same badge and credentials, and relate to the financiers every evil truth about our taxation and debt that he became possessed of when Minister of Finance? It is not honorable, the motive is vile; the result must be serious injury to the country. It is an ungenerous dog that bites the hand that fed it, and an unnatural son who pursues with hate and slander the mother who bore and fondled him.

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The heart which prompted the epistle telling the American Congress how to coerce good sense into the Canadian head, might well have prompted this letter and congratulated itself on progressing in the black and filthy science of betrayal. Very few artifices remain unemployed—nothing would remain to be done, if the United States should shut out our railroads and our produce, and if our credit were assassinated in London and our emigration agents banished from England as cheats who try to beguile people to a wretched colony where all the miseries reign. Two men have now each written a letter calculated when operating together to affect these results, and if the country avoids them and prospers it will be in spite of two busy gentlemen who endeavored the worst.

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The unanimous vote of the New Brunswick Legislature in favor of Maritime Union, gives that long-talked-of scheme an importance it never possessed before. It was freely stated that New Brunswick was opposed to union and that the public men of the other provinces were opposed to it with a very few insignificant exceptions, but this vote improves the face of matters and authorizes a hope that such a union may be concluded. It is a union devoutly to be wished, not only because of the economy of such an arrangement in wiping out so many unnecessary legislative bodies and officials, but because it would bring the people of these sister provinces into more amicable relations. However, it will not do to make too

ROSINA VOKES.

cheerful prophecies from the vote of the New Brunswick Parliament, for the troublous question of deciding upon a location for the new capital remains to arouse selfish distrust, and opposition is sure to be organized by those whose official lives would be abridged by union.

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Mr. Blaine told the Canadian Commissioners that in the event of a reciprocity treaty being arranged as a result of the conference then being held, it would be necessary for Canada to accept the American tariff schedule against England and all other countries, and also to wipe out our excise duties and substitute the American. The Canadian delegates did not ask Mr. Blaine if we would be allowed to indulge in the folly of having a British Governor-General, or if we would be permitted to maintain the expensive superfluity of a Parliament at Ottawa. They did not ask these small questions of detail as to the terms of surrender, because they declined to surrender. They were there to negotiate an honorable peace at the cost of any reasonable concession, not to hand over the keys and the flags and the arms of our nationality and put on the livery of the Republic. Not being there to beg permission to crawl into the Union by a back cellar window, they broke off the humiliating discussion and came home. It is discouraging to find that no Liberal had the decency to arise in the House and do the country a service by showing that both parties and all people in Canada value the national respect too much to concur in any such proposal as that made by Mr. Blaine. It is said, though the saying of it is no guarantee of its truth, that half the Liberal members in caucus assembled were in favor of dropping an agitation that for five years has discredited the agitators and humbled the country. But whatever decency or spirit they displayed in private, they carefully pursued their unworthy habits in public, and applauded their leaders in saying that they would have accepted Blaine's terms. Well, no doubt they would, and it is the knowledge of their truckling readiness to lick the hand that cuffs this country, and snap at the hand that caresses it, that has left the Reform party in its sorry plight of the present moment.

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It would have been gratifying if some individual member of the party had risen above the mean average of his associates and said a few decent words against yielding up our fiscal affairs to Mr. Blaine. If reciprocity were accepted on such terms and our customs officers were withdrawn from the international boundary and sent to the seaports, they would be forced to carry in their hands a copy of the McKinley Bill. The capital of the Republic would be the fiscal capital of the continent, and when farmers or merchants or manufacturers of Ontario or Quebec or Nova Scotia desired to urge some change in the tariff of our country, they would have to submit their respectful prayers to a foreign Congress. Try to confuse this fact by juggling it around in a bag of chaff, but it will remain a bald, undisfigured fact still. And when, after the new order of things had prevailed for some time and many of us felt oppressed by tariff injustices that Congress declined to remedy at our request—as it would carefully decline to do—then we would begin to pull wires to secure our requirements. The tariff being taken out of the hands of our Parliament, the free trade and protectionist interest now felt in Dominion elections would be transferred to the United States election and there we would stand, furious spectators of political contests, in which, though vital to us, we could not share. Think you under such circumstances this country would hesitate to declare for instant annexation as the only means of recovering representative government? It would be done, we would perforce accept annexation with bitterest curses on the villainy that lured us into such a trap. Can any be so blind as not to see this outcome? It is inevitable—five years of the semi-serfdom imposed by such an arrangement would accomplish the hateful end.

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It is a good thing for the whole country that the trouble between the C.P.R. and its employees has been settled without a general strike occurring. Train-loads of settlers are rushing west and a strike would have caused a stagnation that could not have failed to force misery upon thousands in no sense connected with the railway. Many who intended to go west have been dissuaded by the reported troubles and the likelihood that those troubles would become more serious. But thanks to a business-like forbearance on both sides that is extremely creditable to each, the matters in dispute are likely to be settled by arbitration without any particular loss or inconvenience.

MACK.

Social and Personal.

The ball given by the Fifty at Webb's last Friday was a most delightful affair, the hosts were unwearying in their attentions and all passed off most charmingly. Excellent music was supplied by Signor Gilonna, who deserves praise for his judgment in getting together a very fine orchestra and selecting most taking music. The menu upstairs was complete, and every course was served in Webb's well known style, which defies criticism. A large number of young people, sweetly costumed and radiant with youth and happiness, chased the hours with flying feet, and I noticed some very handsome and becoming gowns in the merry throng. Among others I noticed, Mrs. Madden, heliotrope *chiffon*, jewled passementerie; Miss Bella Wynn, white silk brocade; Miss V. Sheppard, pink satin and garlands of roses; Miss Robertson, black silk and lace; Miss Knoxon, nile green and white lace; Miss McFarlane, nile green *crepon* and white roses; Miss Claxon, mouse gray silk; Miss Macpherson, black and white brocaded stripe; Miss Abbott, cream and gold silk; Miss Laura Campbell, nile green silk, ribbon garniture; Miss Doyle, white bengaline, yellow ostrich feathers; Miss Burkholder, pink bengaline and *chiffon*; Miss Whatmough, black silk and lace; Mrs. Tipping, gray *faille* and pink roses; Miss Mills, pale blue, Miss McEachran, pale heliotrope and cream roses. The following were among the guests: Mr. and Mrs. A. A. and Miss Alexander, Mr. W. H. Appleibe, Mr. J. E. Armstrong, Mr. J. S. Barton, Mr. Fred Burgess, Mr. J. DuBolez, Mr. Fred Bell, Mr. Blake, Mr. H. W. Briggs, Mr. W. A. Blain, Mr. W. H. Booth, Mr. W. A. Blashford, Miss Bell, Dr. W. N. Barnhart, Mr. J. F. Brown, Mr. and Miss Bell, Miss and Miss Bertha Burkholder, Miss Ada Bywater, Mrs. Burton, Miss M. Beatty, Mr. Tom Capp, Mr. H. C. Coates, Mr. S. E. Cunningham, Miss L. Claxton, Dr. R. J. Crawford, Mr. Geo. E. Carlisle, Miss Casey, Miss and Miss Laura Campbell, Miss F. Charters, Mr. T. A. Doherty, Mr. James Doane, Mr. and Mrs. A. Denison, Mr. C. A. Davies, Miss Doyle, Mr. S. M. Early, Mr. D. Eagen, Miss Flowers, Mr. Harry Flett, Mr. and Mrs. L. Farewell, Mr. J. C. Frazer, Miss Jessie Geary, Mr. J. G. Galbraith, the Misses J. and Sophy Gardner, Mr. D. W. Glass, Mr. Jas. and Miss Honack, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hoar, Mr. A. R. Hughes, Mr. Geo. Hostetter, the Misses N. and E. Hirst, Miss Violet Hall, Miss Hewson, Miss C. Hynds, Miss Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Irwine, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Jardine, Miss Killfedder, Miss Kileiger, Miss Knoxon, Mr. Thos. Lucas, Mr. Victor Lee, Miss Lever, Mr. D. MacKinnon, Mr. Fred. and Miss McCachern, Mr. J. J. McKittrick, Mr. W. G. McCleland, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. McKenzie, Mr. J. McGregor, Mr. N. A. McLean, Mr. E. W. McIntyre, Miss McDonald, Miss M. McGraw, Miss Ethel McNamara, Miss and Miss Flo McPherson, Mr. and Mrs. James Madden, Mrs. F. W. Madden of New York, Mr. W. B. Mackenzie, Mr. J. Madill, Mr. M. Macfarlane, Miss M. Macfarlane, Miss L. Macfarlane, Miss J. Macfarlane, Mr. J. Mathers, Mr. E. Martin, Mr. Jas. and Miss J. Mills, Miss Macpherson, Miss P. Macpherson, Mr. Charles J. Nell, Miss Milligan, Mr. G. Oliver, Mr. W. A. Porteous, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Parker, Miss M. Patterson, Mr. H. W. Reid, Mr. W. H. Ragmore, Miss Robertson, Miss G. Smith, Mr. H. S. Scott, Mr. F. G. Sanderson, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Scripture, Mr. J. Shouldice, Mr. Chas. Simpson, Mr. S. S. Searle, Mr. Chas. Simmons, Mr. G. R. Sharkey, Mr. G. Stewart, Miss W. B. Sheppard, Miss Stancy, Miss Somers, Mrs. Dr. Smith, Mr. A. Trevor, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Tipping, Mr. J. K. B. Turner, Mr. W. White, Mr. Martin J. Ward, Mr. C. A. Walker, Mr. F. J. Whatmough, Miss Whatmough, Mr. Fred Warden, Mr. Alex Watt, Mr. W. Wilson, Miss Wilson, Miss Williscroft, Miss G. Wynn, Miss B. Wynn, Miss White, Mr. Jos. Yorke, Miss Yorke.

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A grand concert and cantata, the Flower Queen, will be given under the direction of Miss Maud Carter in the Auditorium on Thursday evening, April 7. The following artists are to take part in the affair: Miss Jardine Thomson, Miss Maud Carter, Miss Mary Blackwell, Mr. Francis Chambers, Mr. Owen Smily, Mr. Fritz Hahn and Miss Ethel K. Martin.

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A few of the leading ladies of the Arlington gave a very charming progressive euchre on Wednesday evening of last week.

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Mrs. G. H. Williams of 97 Gloucester street gave an elegant dinner party last Thursday evening in honor of Mrs. Otis and Mrs. Hichof of Rochester, who are visiting Mrs. M. F. Brown of St. Mary street.

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Mrs. J. Woodford Scales has issued invitations for a large euchre party on Wednesday evening next.

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Mrs. Brouse of St. George street gave an afternoon tea last Saturday, to be followed by another next week. Among those present last Saturday I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, Mrs. Manning, Mrs. Macdougall, Col. and Mrs. Denison, the Misses McKellar, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, Miss Strathey, Miss Jones, the Misses Dupont, the Misses Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Temple, Mr. Hart, Mrs. McKenzie, Mrs. Boswell, Mrs. and Miss Drayton, Mrs. and Miss Pope, Mrs. and Miss Columbus Green, Mrs. Percy Galt, Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, Mrs. Geo. Crawford, Mrs. Jack Hay, Miss Bunting, the Misses Chewett, Mr. and Mrs. James Scott, Mrs. Macdonald, Mrs. Harry Greene. Mrs. Brouse was assisted in receiving by her sisters, the Misses Gooderham.

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The Toronto Amateur Dramatic Club's performances of Mrs. Burton Harrison's three-act comedy, A Russian Honeymoon, which are to take place at the Academy of Music on April 22 and 23, with Saturday matinee, will be for the building fund of the Orphans' Home. Mrs. Cawthra, Mrs. Lockhart, Mrs. Vankoughnet and other members of the board of management are all deeply interested and hope to make the entertainment a financial success. Miss Jardine Thomson takes the leading part. Miss Amy G. Ince, who takes the part of the Baroness Vladimir, will display some very pretty Russian gowns. Mr. Wm. Kirkpatrick of the Bank of Toronto takes one of the leading parts. Miss Beatrice Roberts as a peasant gives a pret y piece of amateur soubrette acting. Messrs. Foster, Gibson and Mackenzie are also members of the club. Mr. Gerald Donaldson is stage manager.

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Mrs. James Madden of Maitland street gave a delightful progressive euchre party on Thursday evening.

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A surplus remaining over and above the expenses attending the Fifty's At Home has been generously donated to the Sick Children's Hospital. The great success of this party was largely due to the efforts of the untiring and able secretary, Mr. H. W. Briggs.

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Mrs. Kittson of Sherbourne street gave a most successful progressive euchre party a short time since.

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Miss Cora Dixon of 49 Howard street gave the third of her series of progressive euchre parties last Wednesday. I am told the prizes gained by the contestants borrowed much additional interest from being the handiwork of the clever hostess.

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Among those who have taken up the physical culture classes are Mesdames McKenzie, Symons, Wilson, Logan, Street-Macklem, Denison, and Misses Martin, Pearson, Snively, Drayton and Carty.

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Mrs. Thomas Hodgins of Bloor street west gave a dinner party on Wednesday evening last.

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The performance of two short comedies by the Victoria Dramatic Club will take place on Tuesday, April 19, for which event and the dance to follow, invitations will be issued next week. The place selected for the performance is Dawe's Hall, on the corner of Bloor street and Davercourt road, to which easy access is had by the street cars. The comedies chosen are entitled Turn him Out and Who's Who, and the *caste* is as follows: Miss Ethel Palin, Miss Kitty Sowdon, Mrs. J. J. Featherstonhaugh, Messrs. Max McCorel, Claude Norris, Harry F. Strickland, E. C. Pringle and others. Marcicano's orchestra will supply the music.

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The annual banquet of the Young Men's Liberal Conservative Association at the Rossin House on Monday evening was pronounced the best ever held under those auspices. About two hundred gentlemen surrounded the board and stood the shock of a very long bill of fare with commendable fortitude. Hon. J. A. Ouimet, the new Minister of Public Works, was the central and most striking figure. He delivered an address in cautious and uncertain English, but his ideas were good. Hon. J. C. Patterson, Secretary of State, was also present. Dr. Montague, G. R. R. Cockburn, Emerson Coatsworth, D. Creighton, W. F. Maclean, Capt. Henderson, J. A. McGillivray, W. D. McPherson, A. G. McLean, Frank Yeigh and others made speeches or sang songs. President J. C. Hopkins was in the chair and the other officers of the association were on hand guiding the affair to success.

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Mrs. Dodd of 507 Sherbourne street was hostess to a very happy party on Thursday evening.

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Mrs. Homer Dixon will be At Home on March 31st, at The Homewood. I believe this is Mrs. Dixon's first reception since her marriage, and I predict great success for her, as her gracious and amiable manner was well known to her ante-nuptial friends.

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Miss Ina Pringle celebrated her eleventh birthday by a little folks' party on last Friday week. Her small well-wishers brought her some very beautiful and tangible expressions of their kindly feeling. The following were present: Dottie, Millie and Donna Lamont, Ethel Piper, Eunice and Dottie Stout, Lulu Smith, Rossie Pringle, Baby Lumsden, Daisy Clarke, Lily Simmons and Katie Myers, Fred Lamont, Oswald Hardwell, Reggie Piper, Charles McHardy, Fred Pringle, Alfred Mitchell, Jack Simmons, Harold Lumsden, Harry Syer and Frankie Pringle.

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Miss Maud Corbett of Port Hope, who has been visiting Miss Stanton of Jarvis street, returned home last week.

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I am informed that there will be a dance in the post-Easter future, to be given by the Conservatory of Music.

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Mr. Osgoodby's marriage with Miss Jessie M. Decker, a young Buffalo lady, took place last Thursday afternoon. An evening reception was held, at which many well known society people in Buffalo assembled to offer congratulations. I am told that a reception will also be held for the young couple at the residence of Mrs. W. G. Osgoodby, 661 Huron street, on their return to Toronto.

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The Spanish consul, Mr. J. Enoch Thompson, sent out cards to a number of his intimate friends, inviting them to view a very interesting collection of arms just received from Toledo, on last Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons. The exhibit was beautiful and provoked much admiration.

*

Mrs. J. K. Kerr gave a charming five o'clock tea yesterday.

*

Mrs. Prince has issued invitations to an afternoon tea for next Thursday.

*

On Thursday evening of last week Mr. T. Verner of 21 Pembroke street entertained a large party of gentleman friends to a whist and euchre party. Some excellent music helped to make up a most enjoyable evening.

*

Miss Birdie Hope of Huron street gave a very pleasant young people's dance on Thursday evening last. The charming young hostess wore a pretty gown of pale blue bengaline and *chiffon*, and won golden opinions for the way in which she looked after the welfare of her guests.

*

Mr. S. Alfred Jones has been in Hamilton for the last ten days in connection with a *cause celebre* now in court. Mr. Jones defends one of the prisoners.

*

A pretty and quiet wedding took place at 40 Pine street, Aylmer West, Ont., on March 16, when Miss Ellen, eldest daughter of Mrs. John Inglis, was married to Mr. Albert D. Sutherland of Watertown, South Dakota. The bride wore a most becoming traveling costume of fawn-colored cloth trimmed with seal-brown velvet and hat to match. Rev. J. D. Stephens performed the ceremony. The bride's presents were numerous and handsome. Among the invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. David Sutherland of St. Thomas, parents of the groom, the Misses Sutherland, sisters, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sutherland of St. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Legg of Lyons, and three children, Mr. and Mrs. Butchart of Fingal, Mr. W. Bentley of Detroit, Mr. R. Middleton, Mr. George McPhail of Orwell (late of Hamilton), Miss L. L. Emery of Toronto, Mr. John and Miss Ballah of Aylmer. All joined in wishing the happy couple God speed as they departed amid showers of old shoes and rice for their future home in South Dakota, via Detroit, Chicago and St. Paul. Miss Inglis is a most estimable and popular young lady and will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends and by the Disciple church, in which she was a true and earnest worker.

*

The Presbyterian Ladies' College gave their annual At Home on Friday evening of last week, from 7.30 to 11 p.m. Owing to the great success that attended the assembly of the previous year, it is needless to say that this one was looked forward to by the young people with high expectations, and judging from the preparations made and the good order with which the excellent programme was carried out, their expectations were fully realized. The programme provided readings and musical selections in addition to the dancing, and the following ladies took part: Readings by Misses Papst, Martin, Adamson and Wait; musical selections by Misses Cowan, Freeland, Garland and Macdonald. The large drawing-rooms and lecture-rooms afforded every comfort and opportunity for enjoyment to the one hundred and fifty guests entertained. The hostesses of the evening were Mrs. T. M. MacIntyre, Miss E. S. Baker, the Misses Thomas, Corby and Richardson, and supported by the hearty efforts of all the ladies in residence, there was nothing wanting to make the evening an unqualified success. Whether it was the tasty decorations of flowers, foliage or bunting, the sweet strains of music, or the chaste and elegant costumes of the ladies, or the charm of social talk, or all combined, that caused the hours to pass unnoticed, eleven o'clock came but too soon, and the unanimous expressions of the delighted company in parting were: "When another such occasion comes may I be there to see."

*

At the annual meeting of the Home for Incurables on Thursday, a good number of friends of the Home gathered in response to the invitation of the Board of Managers.

*

Les Sans Soucis ont passe une soiree tres agreable chez Madame Arthur Cox, a Rosedale, cette semaine ils se reuniront chez Madame Buck, 555 Church street.

*

Mr. B. Jennings, the genial assistant cashier of the Imperial Bank, gave a dinner on Thursday, 17th inst., at the Granite Club, to the city staff of the bank. Dr. Adam Wright, Mr. Geo. Kappele, Mr. W. Vickers, and several ex-members of the institution were also present. A pleasanter evening cannot be imagined than was spent by this jolly gathering. The *menu* was excellent, and after it was amply discussed the usual toasts were celebrated with much enthusiasm. Mr. Jennings presided with his usual *bonhomie*, and after the toast of the Queen was duly honored by the lusty singing of our grand old National Anthem, he, in a few well chosen words, proposed the health of The President, Directors, and Cashier of the Bank, which forthwith caused the room to resound with a hearty For They are Jolly Good Fellows. Mr. George Fyke then proposed the Health of the Guests, coupled with the names of Dr. Adam Wright, Mr. George Kappele and Mr. W. W. Vickers. The former in a masterly style pointed out the incalculable benefits to be derived from all kinds of athletic exercise and his speech was received with much applause. Mr. Kappele waxed facetious as usual and the reception of his humor evidenced his popularity with the boys. Mr. Vickers' few amusing remarks were well received. Mr. J. H. Eddis now proposed the toast to the ex-members of the staff, in conjunction with which he mentioned the names of Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, Mr. P. Howland and Mr. T. Lightbourne. Mr. Hopkins made a very excellent speech which evoked a great round of applause when he concluded. The other gentlemen made short and sweet replies. Sports in their several fields were ably treated by Mr. E. R. Vankoughnet, Mr. Gerald Boulton, Mr. Thornton, Mr. Chadwick, Mr. Butler, Mr. Creelman and Mr. Brown. The last named is captain of the Bank Hockey team who carried off the Bank league championship this year and he and his speech were most enthusiastically received. The Ladies was responded to by Mr. Max Richardson, who claimed indulgence by reason of his "youth and inexperience." Mr. J. H. Eddis then, in a well rounded and neat speech, proposed the health of the host—Mr. Jennings. His rising was the signal for an outburst of cheering which made the walls reverberate, and when quiet was restored he responded in the most felicitous terms, bringing to a close an event which will long be remembered by all present with feelings of deepest pleasure. Songs were sung during the evening by Mr. W. O. Thornton, Mr. Geo. Wilson, Mr. Geo. Douglas and Mr. L. L. McMurray.

*

Mr. A. M. Pringle invited the members of the team of the Tecumseth Lacrosse Club to an At Home on Friday evening, March 18th. There were present: Messrs. Baker, Gunn, Clemes, Irwin, Keith, Burns, Blythe, Revell, Lugsdin, Westman, Bilton, Gordon, H. Robinson, W. Robinson, Holland and Brummel. A most enjoyable evening was spent by all present.

*

Mrs. Wm. Dineen gave a lunch on Wednesday.

*

Mr. and Mrs. James E. Steen of Winnipeg were in Toronto this week on their wedding tour. Mr. Steen is editor of the *Commercial*, Winnipeg.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Mackelcan were in town this week.

Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

Miss MacLaren of Oak Bank leaves for England this week.

Mrs. Armour of Jackson street gave a delightful tea on Monday last in honor of Miss MacDonald of Toronto. Those present were: Mesdames Woolverton, Allan, Mills, Misses Mills, Findlay, Howard, Ridley and others.

Mrs. J. D. Hay is the guest of Mrs. Hendrie, Holmstead.

Miss Colina Ferrie has returned from Winnipeg where she has spent a most delightful winter.

Miss Leggat, Bracside, gave a charming luncheon in honor of Miss David last Thursday. Among those present were: Misses Walker, Hendrie, Harvey, Watson, Gartshore, Hobson, T. Hendrie and Mrs. Morris. Mrs. Leggat also gave a progressive euchre party on Tuesday evening. Among those present were: Mrs. Hendrie, Misses Watson, Harvey, Demar, Ramsay, Turner, Hendrie, Hobson, Roach, Findlay, Fuller, Osborne, Messrs. G. Gates, H. Gates, W. Osborne, H. Browne, Patterson, Murray, C. Murray, Gillespie, Ferrie, W. and T. Ferrie, Beatty, Gamsby and Hamilton. The prizes were exceedingly pretty and were won by Misses Fuller and Tina Hendrie, Messrs. H. Gates and Duncan.

There will be a charming *musicale* given on Thursday evening at the residence of Mrs. Hendrie by the Y. M. C. A. Auxiliary. The following artists will take part: Mrs. Mackelcan, Misses Osborne, Schumacher, Cummings and Littlebales, Messrs. Spratt, Stuart, Bethune and the Banjo Octette.

Miss Forsythe of Toronto has been the guest of Mrs. Western of Hughson street but left for home last week.

SYLVIA.

A HANDSOME lamp with a silk shade is, apart from its utility, a most attractive ornament.

Brass Banquet Lamps are very much used. We have a nice line for $2.50, and as we sell the wire frames for 50c., and give instructions in covering free, you can, by making your own shade have a handsome effect for very little money.

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My Lady's Dressing Room
A MANUAL OF THE TOILET
BY HARRIET HUBBARD AYER
In this work ladies are told how to beautify the appearance, take care of their health so as to dispense with cosmetics and how to use cosmetics if obliged to.
1 Vol., Cloth . . $1.50
JAMES BAIN & SON, 53 King St. E., Toronto

Spring Millinery.

The shops are brave with lovely *confections* these dull March days, and it is like going through a fair conservatory to take half an hour among them. That the summer of '92 is to be another flower season is a *fait accompli;* but the novelties in every direction are more striking than for a couple of seasons past. I saw some lovely bonnets in Murray's last Tuesday, and some I was too late to see, they had been snapped up and away by fashionable early birds in the first hours of the opening day. The sweetest hats for children—with white leghorn brim, killing *chiffon* rosettes, twists and bows, and all manner of baby flowers, rose buds, crocuses and buttercups in straggling garlands—were among the many pretty attempts to gild the gold of youth and innocence. One wide-leafed hat was shown me with white *chiffon* puffings and wreaths of the most natural "sleeping daisies," whose white petals were curled up in the most utterly weary and comical manner. As to the bonnets for the big sisters and their mammas, they are fairly bewildering. Among the new departures are *chiffon* pleatings edged with the finest feathers, long figured black lace veils reaching to the knees, *a la grandmeres*, Irish poplin beefeater crowns with morsels of lace *applique*, yachting bows in which the ribbons are spread like sails, rhinestone passementerie, flower-edged *chiffon* and the seductive *nacre* ribbon which you can see changing its shades as you gaze. One queer little bonnet was made of long-stemmed white rose buds—the buds bordering the brim and the stems forming the crown. This was novel, but not very pretty. A wee thing in pearl gray, with some soft clinging plumes projecting over the front, and a crown about the size of a silver dollar, looked as if only a dollie might wear it, but it was for a real, live woman, whose pretty locks were to eke out her scanty headgear. Irish lace in its dainty corded patterns adorns several hats. A lovely bonnet of mignonette, with shell pink strings and pleated pink ribbon crown, was so real I could almost smell the scent of the bordering blooms. A very *chic* bonnet in jet had fronds of jet maiden-hair ferns drooping over salmon pink roses. Baby blue ribbons trimmed one dainty basket straw, and *picot* edged baby ribbon in corn color formed a brim for another; black lace flounces are tacked to the edges of large hats, and recalled to me the days of my first leghorn "flap," as they were called long ago, which had just such a pretty lace flounce. A lovely bonnet had a beefeater crown of cloth of gold, embroidered in gold cord, with a black *chiffon* brim and strings, and a garland of deep pink roses. Taking them all in all, the bonnets are unusually beautiful, and vastly more becoming to the majority of their wearers than last year's shapes.

•

The maidens of gay Paris are wearing flower waists, flower wreaths, flower girdles. The waists are cut with the round neck back and front, sleeveless, with the bodice coming to a long point. Waists of solid lily-of-the-valley are made on a foundation of green silk, the flowers being sprayed with the most delicate perfumes. In place of the sleeves are two flounces of narrow green *chiffon*, embroidered in lily-of-the-valley pattern, with a fine spray of the flower in the place of a strap across the shoulder. Worn with this waist is a skirt of green silk with an over-drapery of white net. A ruching of green ribbon intertwined with sprays of lily-of-the-valley borders the skirt. There are also narcissus waists with yellow skirts to harmonize. Forget-me-nots, daisies, violets, and pansies are all used in the same way.

•

The French night-robes are fashioned of nainsook—a thick sort of jaconet muslin, formerly made in India—lace, and ribbon. One flounce of lace is now used as "understudy for a sleeve," as one young woman puts it. The yoke is made entirely of lace insertion, and the collar is a deep flounce of lace. The robe proper is fashioned of the finest nainsook, with a shirring at the waist, through which runs a broad satin ribbon.

•

Gloves are now embroidered to order. The design for each pair of gloves must originate in the active brain of the wearer. Small insects adorn the cuffs of certain damsels; delicate flowers are more to the taste of others, while one eccentric young lady bought a pair of pale green evening gloves, and insisted that green frogs should be embroidered upon them.

•

The dainty Parisian maiden is now wearing a tassel on her slipper, and she seems to like it too. Silver, gilt, and bronze tassels are used.

•

Do any of our lady readers know what the very latest thing for dress skirt linings to give the proper clinging effect is? Flannel. The utility of this material for this purpose can be seen at a glance. It is the best yet discovered to make satin and heavy silks hang well and gracefully.

•

The new cross-barred veils are an utter abomination. They render it perfectly impossible to distinguish the female face divine in its true beauty. Nay, by producing a dead level of uncertainty of pale nose, latticed-in eyes, and cob-webbed cheeks, it very often leads to painful delusions; and young women who give suggestions of prettiness through the gauzy gridiron which obscures their features, very often turn out to be disappointingly plain when stripped of their veils and exposed to the merciless light of day. It is utterly preposterous that so many really pretty women should be willing to disfigure their faces by atrocities which were simply invented in the interest of the ugly ones. These veils should be left to the painted ladies whose charms will not bear too close an inspection. LA MODE.

Giddy Gotham.

The delicacy of New York dry goods merchants is inexpressibly sweet. One of them has this sign over a lot of shop-worn muslin night gowns: "Dream robes, eighty-nine cents. Another enterprising clerk has a stock of garters labeled: "Novel designs in knee-girdles."

Betrayed.

"Oh, rich man!" cried the minister, "what have you got?"

"A straight flush!" cried a sleepy deacon, jumping up, "and the pot's mine!"

The Doings of Delsarte.

In former times my numerous rhymes excited general mirth,
And I was then of all good men the merriest man on earth;
And my career
From year to year
Was full of cheer
And things,
Despite the few regrets *(perdieu)* which grim dyspepsy brings;
But now how strange and harsh a change has come upon the scene,
And horrors appall the life where all was formerly so serene—
Yes, wasting care hath cast its snare about my honest heart,
Because, alas! it hath come to pass my daughter's learnt Delsarte.

In flesh and joint and every point the counterpart of me,
She grew so fast she became at last a marvelous thing to see!
Long, gaunt, and slim, each gangling limb played stumbling-block to Father—
The which excess of awkwardness quite mortified her mother.
Now, as for me, I like to see the carriages uncouth
Which certify to all the sky, unconscious age of youth;
If maidenkind be pure of mind, industrious, tidy, smart,
What need that they should fool away their youth upon Delsarte?

In good old times my numerous rhymes occasioned general mirth,
But now you see
Revealed in me
The gloomiest bard on earth!
I sing no more of the joys of yore that marked my happy life,
But rather those depressing woes with which the present's rife;
Unconsoled to that gaunt child (who's now a fashion-plate!)
One song I raise in Art's dispraise, and so do I fight with Fate;
This gangling bard has found it hard to see his counterpart
Long, loose, and slim, divorced from him by that hectic dude, Delsarte!

Where'er she goes,
She loves to pose
In classic attitudes,
And drop her eyes in languid wise and feign abstracted moods;
And she—my child—
(Who all so wild,
So helpless and so sweet
That once she knew not what to do with these great, big hands and feet)
Now comes and goes with such repose, so calmly sits or stands,
Is so discreet with both her feet, so deft with both her hands—
Why, when I see that satire on me, I give an angry start
And I utter one word (it is commonly heard) derogatory to Delsarte!

In years gone by 'twas said that I was quite a scrumptious man—
Conceit galore had I before this Delsarte craze began;
But now these wise
Folks criticize
My figure and my face,
And I opine they even incline to sneer at my musical bass;
Why, sometimes they presume to say this wart upon my cheek
Is not refined, and remarks unkind they pass on that antique;
With lusty bass and charms of face and figure will I part
Ere they extort this grand old wart to placate their Delsarte!

O wretched day (as all shall say who've known my muse before)—
When by this rhyme you see that I'm not in it any more!
Good bye the mirth that over earth diffused such keen delight—
The old-time bard
Of pork and lard
Is plainly out of sight!
All withered now about his brow the laurel fillets droop,
While Lachesis brews
For the poor old Muse
A portion of scalding soup!
So grave this line, O friends of mine! over my broken heart;
"He hustled and strove, and fancied he throve, till his daughter learnt Delsarte!" EUGENE FIELD.

Weak-Kneed Doctrine.

Fiery Orator—Yaw, shentlemens, der time vas ripe for making an end to der so-called rights of private property, und——

Auditor—Lend me your pipe, Hans; you can't smoke und talk, too.

Fiery Orator (bridling)—Mine friendt, dot vas my pipe. I bought it, don'd you see!

If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it from him. An investment in knowledge always pay the best interest.—*Franklin.*

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Bengaline, corded, newest shades, 85c.
Bengaline, corded, very fine, $1.
Dress Surah, colored, extra value, 45c.
China Silks, colored, 25c.
Surahs, new shades, 20c.
Pongees, colored, 25c.

Nothing more wearable under almost any condition than black silks.

Black Peau de Soie, 85c.
Black Silk, Faille, 75c., $1.
Black Silk, Royal, heavy $1.
Black Surah, pure Silk, 45c.
Black Silk, Gros Grain, 22-inch, 85c.
Black Silk, Gros Grain, extra, $1.

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SEAFORTH—Miss J. Stack.
OTTAWA—Mrs C. Johnson, 56 Sparks Street
And fifty others in principal towns. Examine authority of agents before ordering.

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OUR
NEW SHOW ROOMS
Will be opened with a display of
Millinery and Mantles
We shall also show our choice importations of Pattern Dresses, Delaines, Tweeds, Serges and many choice lines of Dress Goods. Don't fail to come.
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Spring and Summer Wear
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Are the Treatments Expensive? Can you get a pretty new gown for nothing? Who commands the most lasting admiration—an elegant costume on a beautiful face and figure? Why not be pretty and sweet in an old toilette for once, and soon have the satisfaction of being able to wear "anything" Call upon or write to Mrs. GERVAISE GRAHAM for booklet, "How to be Beautiful." Address 5 King Street East, Toronto.

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Is now showing the finest assortment of
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To be had in the city. Also a choice selection of Laces and Veilings
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MISS PAYNTER
3 King Street East

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The *Canadian Pharmaceutical Journal* of December 1 says: "Madame Ireland's soap, which is now being introduced in Canada, possesses all the characteristics of a perfect non-irritating detergent. It possesses special medicinal properties which render it very useful in some cutaneous affections. It is offered exclusively through the drug trade.

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or other suitable coverings.
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A. DORENWEND
Paris Hair Works, 105 Yonge Street

CONSTANCE.

By F. C. PHILIPS,

Author of "The Dean and His Daughter," "As in a Looking Glass," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

A month more or less in our lives does not count for much when we glance back on it. "Time gathered looks so small," but when it stares us in the face, for never ending weeks, thirty solid days to get through, it assumes gigantic proportions.

To Constance Armitage the hours were leaden weighted now. And yet she had been wont to say that time never stood still for her.

"Everything is changed, I think." She blushed warmly, although she was alone, and there was no one to see her; and then she added, beneath her breath, "I, most of all!"

With a trembling hand she unlocked her wardrobe and drew forth a dainty gown of soft white silk and laces, and as she smoothed it out carefully before laying it away on an upper shelf, there was a glitter of tears in her beautiful eyes, half ashamed, half joyous.

"He shall find no sorrowing woman when he comes back to me," she mused; "it is right that I should do him honor. When I lay my hand in his I will put by my sombre gowns, and dress myself in white, pure white, to give him welcome."

And thus to her own heart she whispered that her choice was made. No cold inanimate statue now, but instinct with warmth and fervor.

In the renewed youth that had crept all unawares about her, the icy mantle of reserve slipped from her shoulders, and in her love for Basil St. Quentin, in the love she acknowledged and submitted to, she was very woman.

"This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath may prove a beauteous flower."

Over and over again she lived through that short sweet half-hour, when she had slowly awakened to a sense of her own weakness, and gloried in it. It was so little that they said, but such felt that the rubicon was passed, and that they would never go back to the old regime again. The little more or the little less. Smiles chased away the tears, and it was a very happy face that Constance carried down to the drawing room that afternoon. Rebecca was there, and Rebecca was uneasy.

Constance was changed. That subtle intangible something that had been apparent to Emily Baillie's apathetic gaze, had communicated itself to the anxious sister, and since she had learned from Lord Hardstock's lips that Basil St. Quentin had been in London, and seen and talked with Constance, and still she, Rebecca, was in ignorance of it, she felt that there must be a substantial reason for her reticence. Rebecca was never one to beat about the bush, and she opened fire at once.

"Why in the world did you not tell me that St. Quentin had been here?" she asked.

"It was never a great favorite of yours," replied Constance evasively, for indeed she hardly knew what to say.

"No, to be plain, he was not. He had an unpleasant habit of airing his own superiority that was obnoxious in the extreme. I hate an admirable Crichton."

"He was never that." A soft red deepened on Constance's cheek and her breath came a little quicker from between her parted lips.

"he has always been a true friend and a—"

"Humph! he managed to get you into what might have been a nasty scrape. A man is a fool and worse who allows his affections for a woman to compromise her."

"How unjust you are. You know as well as I do that he had nothing to do with my fall with it. It was a pure accident, and he is the last man in the world to compromise a woman."

Rebecca tossed her head scornfully. "I always thought that St. Quentin had seen by your husband in the act of kissing your hand; but I suppose I must have misunderstood the actual facts."

Thus cornered, Constance found it difficult to reply. She bit her lip vexedly.

"I hardly think it should be necessary for me to defend Mr. St. Quentin," she said, at last. "We have known him for too many years for it to be possible for you to cruelly misjudge him. Had Cyril not been drinking, the whole thing would have passed over unnoticed; but the man you think so much of, Lord Hardstock, did his best to fan the flame. What wonder there is should lie at his door. He could have no possible motive but malice for acting as he did."

"My dear Constance, you argue like a child. Lord Hardstock has proved the depth of his affection for you. Over and over again he has stood between you and harm. He would give you your own again if you would but accept it at his hands. He is everything that is generous and loyal."

"And I suppose you wish to infer that Mr. St. Quentin is not. Well, we will agree to differ." She took up her work with an air that said plainly the discussion was at an end. But Rebecca was waxing more uneasy every moment. She did not like this championship on her sister's part. It was so unlike Constance.

"What had he to say the other day?"

"A great many things. He has gone to Constantinople with despatches. He was not here very long. Have you any more questions you would like to ask, Rebecca?" There was a sangfroid in her eye that Rebecca had never seen there since before her marriage with Cyril Armitage, and it struck a cold thrill to her heart. She resented mistaken pity.

"Yes," she answered desperately, yet with a certain quaver in her voice. "Are you keeping anything back from me? Is there more between you and Basil St. Quentin than the world knows of? You—you are not going to be so mad as to let him love you, Constance?"

Constance's work fell on her lap.

"He has done that already; it is beyond my power to control it."

"But you will not give him any encouragement? Think how ridiculous it would be. If you marry, it must be a man with some money. St. Quentin's income barely keeps himself."

"There is no engagement between us."

Constance spoke slowly and decisively. "But perhaps I had better tell you that if ever I do marry it will be the man whose true worth I have proved and whom I hold more highly honored than any other."

Mrs. Strangways groaned. Though her suspicions had pointed to this, the confirmation of her doubts was a terrible blow to her. She tried to speak—to argue, to urge the folly of such a step, which she could not but consider a species of moral suicide on the part of her sister, but Constance paid no heed.

"I can old enough to judge for myself," she said haughtily, "and I deny that any human being has a right to interfere in what I believe to be for my future happiness."

"Then it is settled?"

"No, nothing is settled. I should not have mentioned the subject to you at all had you not yourself mooted it. We will talk of it no more. We will have a cup of tea—I will ring at once."

"No." Mrs. Strangways put out her hand. "I could not eat a morsel—it would choke me. Let me go!"

And hurriedly, with a suspicious huskiness in her voice, she left the room. To do her justice, she loved her sister, and her grief was really great that she should be so blind to her own advantage.

Constance, left alone, sighed. It did not seem to her extraordinary that Rebecca should have set her heart on her marrying Lord Hardstock, and yet that that was at the bottom of her disapproval of St. Quentin she was persuaded.

"Can she not see how shallow he is? I doubt if any woman would be happy as his wife. His tongue is plausible enough, and his manners are perfection; but a woman needs something more in the man she marries. I have made one mistake—I cannot afford to make another."

Rebecca buried her misgivings in her own bosom. Not even to her liege lord did she unburden herself, for, who could tell, it might leak out and reach the ears of Lord Hardstock; and he must be kept in ignorance of Constance's avowal as long as possible. Who could tell? It might all end in smoke after all.

St. Quentin might die. A hundred unforeseen calamities might occur. No, until the die was cast, and it was too late for counsel or the intervention of a kind fate on her behalf, Rebecca's lips were sealed.

And he very sure that Constance spoke no word that could enlighten his lordship. And during the days that followed, her thoughts turned but rarely to her absent lover, for she was extremely uneasy about Daphne. Gerald had written a long, sad letter from St. Cloud—where it appeared he had taken his wife on leaving Monte Carlo.

"I fear he is falling into a grave error," Constance said anxiously. "Coercion and harshness will never do for Daphne." And then she took up the closely written sheets and reperused them.

Gerald was desperate. For a time all had gone well. His giddy little pleasure loving wife had professed herself well amused, and had shown no wish to return to Paris, but just when he was feeling most secure and congratulating himself on having taken his sister-in-law's advice, and removed her from the dreaded intimacy with the Maupas family, Monsieur Raoul appeared upon the scene, and Daphne greeted him with such a suspicious lack of astonishment in both voice and manner that it was only too apparent that she was expecting him.

It was too much for Gerald Armitage, and acting on the spur of the moment, with out giving himself time for thought, he did the most foolish thing possible—turned his back on the young man and left Daphne for the best part of a month alone with him. He was so angry that he positively dare not approach her, and when Daphne came tripping coquettishly along, radiant and dimpled, he remained mute to all her pretty speeches, and by and by Daphne ceased talking, and in ominous silence they reached their hotel.

But when there he broke out in the storm burst. And for once in her frivolous life, Daphne was frightened. She denied all knowledge of Monsieur Raoul's movements, although she admitted that she corresponded constantly with Madame Maupas.

"And you can tell me that quietly," cried her husband, "knowing as you well do how much I object to your having intimacy with these people! But since affection and kindness have no weight with you, we will see what harsher measures will effect. From this day forward I forbid you to address Monsieur Maupas."

"And if I refuse to obey you?"

The mutinous mouth quivered a little and tears were very near the starry eyes, but Gerald did not soften. He had taken the ridiculous tone and told himself that he must be firm, for that the whole happiness of the future depended upon it.

"You hardly dare do that!"

"Dare! That is a strange word to use to your husband. I say that so long as I conduct myself with propriety you have no right to dictate to me, or to seek to control my actions. It will be quite time enough for you to interfere when I disregard you."

"I have not the slightest intention of waiting for that. My honor is in your hands, since you bear my name, and it behooves me to guard it."

Daphne's short upper lip curled scornfully.

"Your honor is in no danger," said she, and then she flashed out suddenly. "I don't know why I am arguing with you. I tell you no, a hundred times no, you shall not choose my friends for me. I will give you my promise whatsoever. I shall see and talk to Monsieur Maupas as often and as long as I please."

And then Mr. Armitage sat down and wrote to Constance a long account of all that had transpired, and Daphne shut herself up in her room and refused to come out. And when he found that expostulations and entreaties were alike disregarded, he carried off the irate little woman away from Monte Carlo altogether.

Daphne was terribly disgusted and a little dismayed at this wholly unexpected move, but consoled herself with the reflection that once at home, she could see Madame Maupas, and Raoul would not care to remain away long after her return. But she reckoned without her host. Mr. Armitage had not the faintest intention of remaining in Paris, and when Daphne realized that she was to be buried in St. Cloud, with a jealous husband mounting guard over her, she fairly broke down and cried bitterly.

"I will kill myself. I will run away," she cried passionately. "You are a perfect brute, a barbarian, but I am not your slave, and you shall not tyrannize over me."

Finding he answered her nothing, she dried her eyes and condescended to question him more humbly.

How long were they to stop in this hateful place? When might she go home?

"When you are cured of your folly, and have come to your senses," replied Gerald gravely.

"Your cruelty will be the death of me. You would be glad if I died."

"My poor child—Daphne—think what you are saying."

"Oh—I know you hate me as much as I hate you!"

Then there was a little silence. Mr. Armitage's face had grown exceedingly white. She could see it reflected in the mirror above the mantel-shelf. Perhaps her conscience pricked her a little. She was on the point of relenting, and who knows whether the misery that was in store for the poor foolish girl might not have been averted had she done so, but the moment of grace was lost.

"You hate me—me, my wife!"

"With my whole heart and soul I hate and despise you."

"Some day I will remind you of what you have said. For the present let it pass. I am your husband. Whatsoever your feelings may be toward me, nothing can alter that fact, and I am in a measure responsible for your conduct. Whatever I think for the good of both, you will remain at St. Cloud until I am assured that you will do my bidding, and that I need fear nothing in the future."

"You have lived and die and be buried here," cried wilful Daphne, "for I will never give in to you, never, never!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

It is thankless work to act as mediator. One is irresistibly reminded of the scissors, the blades of which point in different directions, and yet which cruelly punish those who are rash enough to get between. Constance was loth to interfere, and yet she felt that her brother-in-law was acting most injudiciously, and that harm could not but come of it. And she was the more confirmed in this belief, when a few days later she received an epistle from Daphne wholly characteristic of that small personage, incoherent, wild, passionate, and rebellious.

She smiled as she read. The whole production was so like that of a spoiled child thwarted for her own good, and then she sighed, for she realized how serious it was, and what utter misery might result from it all.

What was to be done? How could she, Constance, at a distance, quell the disturbance? And yet each appealed to her.

"You, who have so much influence with her," wrote Gerald.

"He will listen to you. Tell him he must treat me more kindly, or I will do something desperate," pleaded Daphne.

"Well, I will do my best. God knows the spirit is willing. With all my heart I long to help them both, and yet I see no way out of the maze."

Constance folded up the blotted, ink-stained sheets and laid them by. What she wrote in reply I cannot say, but on the very day that Mr. Armitage received her letter he took his wife back to Paris. Daphne was subdued and humbled. She, too, had had her share of friendly counsel, and for the moment was touched and alive to the gentler tone her husband adopted towards her.

She was glad, oh, so glad to go home. The life at St. Cloud was irksome to the last degree. She had ventured once to write to her friends in the rue St. Honore, but in some incomprehensible way Mr. Armitage had possessed himself of the letter, and sternly ordered her to destroy it, and, unwilling, perhaps, that he should see or read what she had written, she obeyed. After that she made no further attempt to correspond with them, but she did not hide how unhappy she was. She would not talk, merely shrugging her shoulders peevishly when addressed; and she spent the greater part of her time lying on the sofa with her eyes shut.

"What was she thinking of?" Gerald wondered, as his eyes rested on the baby face, with its soft pink and white prettiness, and the fair brows puckered and drawn together, while the corners of the rosy mouth drooped sadly. How he hated to vex her. For, in spite of her naughtiness, she was very dear to him. In his heart he forgave her all, even the cruel words that had stabbed him to the quick, but which, thanks to the strong light of common sense, he told himself she could never have meant in all sternness and reality.

To "hate" a person was an everyday occurrence with the impulsive girl, and nine times out of ten merely conveyed the impression that she was displeased with them.

"Daphne, would you like to go back to Paris?"

She looked up at him with a pathetic little gesture, but she did not speak.

"I ask you to try you again—to trust you, Daphne—to put you on your honor not to do what I disapprove of. You will not disappoint me, I trust?"

Daphne would have purchased her freedom at a far greater sacrifice than the utterance of a few careless phrases which meant absolutely nothing to herself and she made glib promises, and nodded her pretty head affirmatively and forthwith began to pack her trunks.

"Hateful place! I hope I shall never see you again," she cried at the last, shaking her small clenched fist in the direction of St. Cloud, as the carriage rolled away with her.

"I wonder what she said to soften my bear?" she was thinking as she lay back in her corner and surveyed her husband surreptitiously from beneath her thick curly lashes, "for of course I know that I owe my deliverance to Constance. She pulled the strings that made the puppet dance."

Mr. Armitage did not trust so implicitly to his little wife's promises of good behavior as she expected him to do. He rarely left her alone, and she overheard him giving orders to Louise that Madame Maupas was not to be admitted to her salon, and this made Daphne very angry. "He treats me like a child," she pouted, "and expects me to behave like a woman of the world." And she immediately set her busy brain to work to devise a plan by which she could circumvent him.

"I am going to Madame Hortense—I suppose you have no cause to accompany me?" she said a day or two later.

"On the contrary, yes. Why not?"

Daphne bit her lip, but made no retort, and Monsieur le Mari waited patiently for more than an hour while his wife had her dress fitted on. She was only in the next compartment, he could hear her voice chattering volubly, for the partition that divided them was not more than five feet high.

He could hear her, and was meant to hear, but it was lucky he could not see, or it is doubtful whether he would have gone away in so equable a frame of mind. Daphne drew forth a pencil and sheet of paper, hastily scribbled a few lines on it, talking all the time, while Madame Hortense stood calmly by, scenting an intrigue in the air, and laughing in her sleeve at the clever trick madame was playing her husband *in blanc*.

But when the envelope was thrust into her hand with a whispered word of admonition, she was a good deal surprised to find that it was addressed to a lady, and a little puzzled to account for the diplomacy and manœuvring required. "Male out, madame!" The letter was crushed into madame's pocket and Daphne emerged beaming.

"At three o'clock to-morrow," she said, smiling her sweetest; "the dress will be ready by then, and I will be here."

"What, again! Good gracious, how many times is it necessary to fit a gown on!" demanded Mr. Armitage.

"As many as its wearer pleases," returned Daphne with unruffled serenity. Her eyes sparkled, and in her wayward heart she was saying a small *jubilate*.

On the following afternoon, promptly as the clock struck three, she mounted the white staircase that led to Madame Hortense's show rooms. Mr. Armitage accompanied her to the door, and gave a quick glance around, but the apartment was empty.

"I think I will smoke a cigar below," he said to his wife as he prepared to decend.

"Do," murmured Daphne. "I shall be some time engaged."

The moment the door was shut she whisked round the corner of the partition, and found, as she knew she would, the plump figure of Madame Maupas wedged in among the hanging skirts with which the wall was covered. How much there was to tell, and Daphne was in no mood to tell it. She told her friend in just so many words that Mr. Armitage disliked her, and had commanded her to give up her friendship.

"But that I never will," said Daphne, with a tragic air, "and I told him so, and for the crime of loving you I have been buried alive in St. Cloud. It is too hard."

"It is not I whom Monsieur fears, but my brother," purred Madame.

Daphne blushed generously, over brow and cheek. "Well," she said, "am I never then to speak to one of my own age? It is too absurd."

"Yes," Madame agreed with her. It was quite too ridiculous, and Daphne had done well in standing her ground. Ah! *ces hommes!* *ces hommes!* They were all tyrants. A woman must needs plant her foot down firmly if she meant to have any peace or happiness in her life.

"And Raoul," began Daphne, "is he back in Paris yet?"

"He returned as soon as he found that you had flown," significantly, "and he called yesterday upon you, but you were not at home."

"Nor am I likely to be while my husband remains in his present frame of mind. It is too bad. Are we never to meet?"

"It will be difficult, but not impossible," Madame Maupas' voice had sunk to a mere whisper. Hortense's ear glued to the partition could catch but the faintest murmur.

"Are you brave enough to run some small risk?"

Yes, Daphne felt quite brave and valiant, feeling she could remove mountains, and thinking it would be great fun to outwit her husband. And then Madame Maupas whispered into the small pink ear and Daphne's eyes danced with mischief, and she clapped her hands delightedly. For the next two or three weeks Daphne was a model wife.

"How gon sweet self again," Gerald told himself joyfully.

She was content to stay at home unless he wished to go out, and in that case ready and pleased to accompany him. The matrimonial horizon had cleared and there was a prospect of peace ahead. Never once did it cross Mr. Armitage's mind that beneath the placid waters there might be a turbulent swell. To all outward appearance, Daphne was content, and he knew that she was acting as he would have her do, for the simple reason that he gave her no loophole for disobedience or rebellion.

The bird was tamed, and a long letter went to Constance to tell her of the glad change. But from Daphne there came no word, and when in answer to one of hers, there was still only silence, Constance found it difficult to see things in quite the roseate aspect that her brother-in-law did. Perhaps she had more thoroughly gauged the scheming brain and narrow little soul, and felt that there was more to contend with than Gerald suspected.

For that Daphne was really happy in such a monotonous life as she was now leading, she could not quite impossible. Therefore it she feigned a contentment she did so for some purpose of her own.

"Do not draw the reins too tightly—remember how much liberty she has had," wrote Constance in reply, and then hesitated. Should she say a word of caution—the merest hint?

No. Better not. Gerald was on the spot. He must be a better judge of how things really were than she could be. But after her letter was sealed and posted she regretted her decision, for a vague, nameless fear hung over her, a subtle instinct that warned her of coming evil. Daphne differed so essentially from other women it was difficult to know exactly how to treat her. Rules laid down for the guidance of her sex, somehow needed adapting before presuming upon her. Generalizations and severity would inevitably defeat their object. Of that she was assured, and yet, given her own way and unlimited freedom, and ten to one she would abuse it.

That there was real good underlying the surface-shallowness and froth there was little doubt, but was Gerald the man to probe until he found it?

Constance was by no means sure. A nature so light and mercurial as that of her little sister-in-law would be incapable of appreciating the depths of tenderness and devotion Gerald Armitage cherished for his young wife. It was more than likely to prove irksome.

"How came Gerald to choose such a wife?" she pondered sadly. "They have hardly a taste or sympathy in common. It is a great pity."

(To be Continued.)

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Answered.

(Written for Saturday Night by Marion Lisle.)

I.

The scent of lilacs on the soft night air; the mystery of moonlight across the old brick wall; the velvety peaches nodding sleepily at each other and drooping into shadows as though the moonlight were disturbing their rest; the daffodils, with their yellow skirts closed about them, are dreaming sweet dreams of the tall sunflowers, and the warm-hued poppies nestle confidingly against the tall, protecting hollyhocks. A sense of summer in the air, a faint, sweet smell of blossoms and green things; a tender young moon looking down over all and touching the old wall lovingly, spying something else too—something that is not daffodils, nor hollyhocks, nor peaches. Two figures in the shadow of the wall; one, a man, tall and slender; the other, a slip of a girl with soft, dark hair and a young, upturned face—a beautiful face with great, dark eyes and warm, crimson lips. In the moonlight it seems almost transfigured.

The man, looking down, sees the dark eyes glowing with passionate lovelight, back into his own, sees the trembling crimson mouth and damp curling hair. The peaches nod sleepily in the shadow. The daffodils breathe their odorous love dreams on the listening air, the south wind fans with tender touch the leaves of the tall maples. And the two figures still stand there, hand clasping hand, heart reading heart. The soft young moon grows tenderer and throws a fainter light over all the flowers, that the lovers may not be disturbed by even their gaze. The stars blink knowingly at each other and gaze on the opposite side of the wall at the orchard laden with tempting fruit. And the young mother moon smiles approvingly on them. They are such dear, knowing children, these little stars! They never pry into things that they should not, and they keep their little silver tongues closed concerning anything they may see. The man and the girl still stand there, forgetting the moon and the stars and the flowers, forgetting everything in the world but that to-morrow, O, dread "to-morrow," they are to be parted to meet—perhaps never again. There is a tragedy in the moonlight and the flowers to-night for them. They cannot feel their sweet sympathy.

But the moon understands and pities. She knows that there will be long lonely nights for the sweet-faced girl when she can talk in passionate whispers to her silver sister. And then she will feel her sympathy. But now—now—this moment, this sad present that joins the past and the future, she feels nothing except that he is going—going away forever, perhaps. A few tears glisten in the eyes of the tender-hearted moon and blur her sight for a moment; when they have gone she looks down again on the flowers, the old wall and the peach trees, but that is all!

II.

A flare of gaslight and glitter of jewels, crowded card-tables, numberless faces, some calm and impassive, others flushed and excited, women's faces, beautiful and haggard, men's faces handsome and worn, in one especially, possessing both qualities, one man whose face is handsome and worn, who has been playing with a high hand all evening and winning with astonishing luck to which he seems coldly indifferent. Once in a while he smiles at a rarely beautiful woman opposite him at another table, then he plays steadily on and his opponent's face grows darker and gloomier. At last the stakes are closed, and the victor rises up with no sign of victory in his cold, pale face. He saunters carelessly over to the opposite table and stands behind the chair of the beautiful woman, watching the play. She smiles at him, a smile that would have been sufficient to cause a man to lose his head, but he does not seem particularly affected by it. He returns the smile, his own is a rare and fascinating one, and then saunters away from her again out on the terrace in the moonlight. The moon, grown older now, looks down at him pitifully as before. Her face is fuller, her light is mellower, but her heart is as kind as ever. The older stars throw tender light on his worn face, which seems doubly so in their sympathy; the baby stars repress their merry twinkling and glide under a great white cloud which shelters them with loving care. The scent, not of daffodils nor of hollyhocks, but of rich tropical roses, comes up to him from the garden below. The water ripples in a low murmur across the pebbles, and he, looking down, can see the face of the pitying moon in the clear ripples, and a spasm of pain crosses his face. A tender young moon is looking down on an old-fashioned garden and kissing the peaches that nestle against an old brick wall. And a sweet young face is upturned to his own in the silver moonlight, and looks more like an angel's than a woman's. But before the moon has grown very old her light falls on something else not far from the old brick wall, a little mound of greenest earth and yellow daffodils and a tiny white headstone with some letters upon it, the only ones which she can decipher being "aged 17." But the man could decipher the rest, and he raises his eyes from the water to the mellow face of the moon. The glaring lights from the open casements fall across the terrace. A sound of voices reaches him, but he seems not to hear. The moon understood. She had touched the tender face beneath the daffodils that he was not fit to touch now. It was so long ago, and the years had dragged so wearily. And he had gone down from bad to worse, till she he was not worthy even to think of her. And she—did she know? Could she see in that far-off land his sin and his pain? She would not know, the past would be veiled from her, she would have forgotten or else, being so pure and high, would only look down with holy pity. A faint groan wrenched itself from the man's lips. Then, as though ashamed of his weakness, he turned and walked abruptly. And she? Had she knowledge there?

III.

A wide stretch of desert sand, white with moonlight. In the distance a faint dark speck that looks like an oasis but may only be a deluding fancy. The air heavy and close and the sky deeply, darkly blue, near; the moonlight falls on a small caravan of two weary-looking camels, bearing three wearier-looking men. They are travel-stained and worn out by the long journey which they have taken since the moonlight falling on their faces shows one of them white and refined, the face of an Englishman unused to African life, and the others, black and dusky natures. The moonlight touches the white man's face gently. The moon's pity is never ending. She never grows weary with years. She watches them with softened eyes as they dismount and prepare to rest for the night. How very languid are the Englishman's movements! How very tired he looks! He throws himself down on the white moonlit sand and closes his eyes. The moon shines very softly on the closed lids and touches coolly his parched lips. Back to the past he goes, back to the old garden, the yellow daffodils and the tender young face that is lying beneath them now. His face grows whiter and whiter and the light of the moon grows softer. Will she remember in that far-off land and will she love him still? He sighs heavily. Then suddenly his eyes open wide. The moonlight still floods the desert, but the sky has grown suddenly mellower, brighter. In the midst of the silver radiance appears the white robed figure of a slender girl with a beautiful young face. The man in the desert star's up with a half-stifled cry. A scent of yellow daffodils fills the desert air, and that face in the stars glows with passionate lovelight and longing—not holy pity, only the old, tender love which the moon saw by the old brick wall. The man with a look which transfigures his worn face endeavors to spring to his feet, but he falls backward. The moonlight lies white on the desert, and the stars come out again from behind a white cloud which has passed over the sky, and the moon with her old tender pity touches softly the white still face that lies upturned to the stars in the desert.

A Few Nihilists.

Among the most radical of the party was Iskander Hertzen. He was a brilliant orator, possessing a most magnetic personality which enabled him to sway the people at will. Not content with the privileges that the Czar and his government had conceded to the people, he wished for many more. He preached the doctrine that to secure perfect freedom it would be necessary to annihilate the imperial family, the nobility, and the entire priesthood. This accomplished, the people were to form a representative government, making an equal division of the land.

The brilliancy of this scheme fascinated many prominent persons, and as a result numerous secret societies sprang up in all parts of the empire. Hertzen, too, was a moderately radical views, was at last compelled to flee from Russia. He went first to London, where he started a paper called *The Bell*, through the columns of which he made terrible exposures concerning the private life of the Czar and his family. He afterwards sought refuge in Switzerland, where he died with the sentence of death pronounced by the Russian government still hanging over him. Hertzen was a brilliant though meteoric star, whose rise for a short time dazzled the world of Europe, but was soon forgotten.

Associated with the leader were Tchernishevsky and Bakounin. The latter was even more rabid than Hertzen in his denunciation of the Czar and his government. Bakounin declared that his mission was to announce a new gospel which must penetrate to the very ends of the earth,—that the old world must be replaced by a new one. He said: "Our first work must be the destruction and annihilation of everything as it now exists. We must accustom ourselves to destroy everything, the good with the bad; for even if an atom of the old world remains, the new will never be created." Bakounin found many followers, but was soon exiled to Siberia, from which he escaped afterwards escaped, disguised as a merchant. He sought an asylum in Germany, where he remained until his death.

Tchernishevsky, the last of the famous trio, had a most remarkable life. He was a contributor to the *Contemporary*. He was the philosopher and political economist of the party. In 1866 he was arrested for his connection with a secret revolutionary society. His trial was one of the most memorable ever held in Russia, and during its progress the accused made such a pathetic and powerful speech that many in the court room shed tears, while others turned pale with fear. The government officials, seeing its effect upon the people, became furious. When a sentence of fifteen years, with the deprivation of all rights of citizenship, was passed upon Tchernishevsky, he cried out: "Alexander Nicolaievitch, you may kill flesh and blood, but you cannot stop the progress of liberal ideas!"

While Tchernishevsky was confined as an exile in Villiuisk, Yakutsk Province, in Siberia, N. Mushkin, a justice of the peace and an ardent Nihilist, attempted to secure his liberation. He visited the prison, disguised as a gendarme, and demanded that the philosopher be delivered to his keeping; but the chief of police, suspecting that all was not right, refused to deliver up his prisoner. Tchernishevsky was afterwards transferred to the Astrachan province, where he died two years ago, mourned by all Europe.—*Lippincott's.*

The Literary Editor.

The book reviewer on the staff of a daily newspaper is commonly known as the literary editor, though, as a matter of fact, he is seldom a literary person. Moreover, his duties are determined by the character of the organ he serves: it seems to be worth the while of comparatively few journals in the United States to employ a competent critic solely for the purpose of telling its readers about the contents of new books. In most cases this function is performed perfunctorily by the musical or dramatic editor, who, in turn, is simply an industrious, enthusiastic, or overworked member of the writing force—perhaps a writer of "editorials," perhaps not. At all events, it is folly to designate him as a literary editor or as a book-reviewer; he edits nothing, he reviews nothing; he is first and last a drudge, capable, perhaps, of something better than hack-work, but productive of that alone. Then there are first-class journals which send out some of the more important books for review to special writers, and dispose of the great body of new publications in brief paragraphs,—vastly to the disgust of the publishers and authors. Or the various members of the staff are periodically taxed for lengthy notices of the larger works, and the remainder is comprehensively commented in a page-and-a-half column or so of "literary notes" by the exchange editor. Finally, there is the small group of journals which have found it to their interest or profit to make a "feature" of adequate book reviews, edited and for the most part written by a single responsible "literary editor." He may, to be sure, do other things—pass upon contributed verse or manuscript of a general literary character, select the miscellany from magazines, help in the make-up of the Sunday supplement, write the obituaries of distinguished authors, and contribute a fixed or irregular quantity of "editorials" during the week; but these odds and ends of duties are quite by the way; he is first and foremost a reviewer of new books.

The life of such a one, if he would have it so, is the most tranquil in journalism. He will do a large part, and it will be the better part, of his work at home. At the office, only the occasional visit of a passionate poet, manuscript in hand, or of a nervous author eager to indicate the particular merits of his printed work, will disturb the reviewer's communion with current literature. His professional adventures are of the mildest sort.—*Lippincott's.*

California and Mexico.

A man going west should remember the great Wabash route is the banner line to all west and south west points, the only railroad using the palace reclining chair cars (free) from Detroit to St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha. Finest equipped train on earth, and all cars go through the great tunnel at St. Louis. Time tables and other information from your nearest ticket agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, 28 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

The Power Behind the Throne

Kingley—Why, old man, what makes you look so gloomy? You haven't had a falling out with your wife, have you?

Bingo—Worse than that. With our servant girl.

Misses E. & H. Johnston, 122 King street west, will display their spring show of novelties on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 29 and 30. Every requisite for ladies' attire. Perfection of taste, style and fit. Ladies are respectfully invited to inspect our styles and material.

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"I hear that Flareup got mad with you this morning and called you everything."

"Yes; but I got the better of him. I called him nothing."

A Freak of Fate, by the Earl of Desart; St. Katharine by the Tower, by Walter Besant; The World, the Flesh and the Devil, by Miss Braddon; In the Heart of the Storm, by the author of The Silence of Dean Maitland, are among the late issues in the popular Red Letter Series, and can be had at all bookstores.

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WHAT IT IS

The "Glacier" Decoration is a thin, transparent material like gelatine, stained or colored to represent stained glass. Unlike gelatine, however, it is insoluble in water. It will withstand heat, cold or moisture.

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$700.00 IN PRIZES to Those Who Send in Correct Answer to This Rebus

For the first correct answer received and opened at our office we will give a handsome DRAWING-ROOM SUITE, value $100, and a prize valued at $25 to the next five correct answers. To the person sending in the 50th correct answer we will give a gentleman's GOLD WATCH, value, $75. And to the 100th correct answer we will give a lady's 18 kt. G JLD WATCH, value $60. To the next 25 correct answers prizes in value from $5 to $25. Next 50, prizes in value from $2 to $10. And to the person sending in the 600th correct answer a $50 Dominion of Canada Bill. And to the person sending in last correct answer a solid silver TEA SET, value $50.

WE WILL GIVE $20 PER DAY AWAY IN SPECIAL PRIZES

and announce the winners' names every day in the papers. For the first correct answer received at our office every day (except Sunday) during this competition we will give the winners the choice of the following prizes: A Marble Clock, a Lady's Oak Secretary or a Handsome Set of Dickens' or Thackeray's Works in cloth and gold.

RULES:

Every answer must be accompanied by one dollar, for which we will send you a handsome design of the "Glacier" and a bottle of "Glacier Cement" to affix it with. The design alone is worth the money and may be used as a panel for a window, hall door or screen.

Every winner of the daily prize must secure us two patrons each for our "Glacier."

On May 2nd those who are entitled to prizes will receive them.

The Special Daily Prize will, of course, be distributed each day.

Competition closes April 30th. Prize winners' names will be published on May 2nd, 1892.

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Sole Agents for "Glacier" Window Decoration - - 67 and 69 Adelaide Street East, Toronto

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CURES NERVOUS HEADACHE As quickly as PHENOLINE

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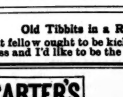
ONE CHANCE ONLY

Well, I have done all I can and I think he is over the worst stages of the disease, BUT, said the DOCTOR, you know the greatest danger comes from the weak condition in which La Grip has left him. However, there is ONE CHANCE MORE, try ALE AND BEEF PEPTONIZED. It is a wonderful, stimulating, nutritive Tonic and Food, and has never failed me yet. Send around quick; it can be got at any DRUG STORE.

Old Tibbits is a Rage.

"That fellow ought to be kicked to death by a jackass and I'd like to be the one to do it."

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents: five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

A DOSE OF

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has saved many a precious life. Croup and Pneumonia are diseases that must be treated promptly, if at all. While you are preparing to call the doctor for your child, your neighbor has cured his little one with a dose or two of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This medicine should be in every household, especially where there are young children. Taken at the first symptoms, it checks the progress of disease, and cure soon follows.

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"From repeated tests in my own family, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has proved itself a very efficient remedy for colds, and the various disorders of the throat and lungs. It cures when ordinary medicines fail."—A. W. Bartlett, Pittsfield, N. H.

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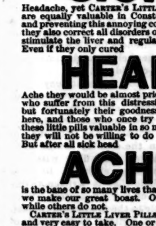

We have decided to offer to the Gardening Public, as a Gift, the following, which we call "Our Leaders" Because "The Leaders" Wear a handsome 32 page Colored Illustrated paper for ladies and the family circle, it is devoted to music, poems, ladies' fancy work, artistic needlework, home decoration, housekeeping, fashions, fiction, Poetry, Tales, etiquette, etc. To introduce this charming paper into every home where it is not already taken, we now make the following Liberal Offer: Send us 25 Cents for 3 months on trial, and we will send you the paper free and prepaid, a large and elegantly assorted Collection of Choice Flower Seeds, including Asters, Balsams, Cockscombs, Cypress Vine, Carnations, Pinks, Petunias, Phlox Drummondii, Balsam, Cypress Vine, Stocks, Mignonette, Double Zinnia, Pansies, etc., etc. Remember, the cents paid for the paper three months and this entire magnificent Collection of choice Flower Seeds, enough to make a beautiful flower garden, we warrant fresh and reliable. No lady can afford to miss this wonderful opportunity. We also publish a large, 32 page, monthly paper, devoted to all the interests of the farm, and will send you the Farmer's Home Monthly three months on receipt of 25 cents, if you are not satisfied, send us 25 cents more and we will send you a second 3 months' trial of the Farmer's Home Monthly. Do not confound this offer with the catchpenny schemes of unscrupulous parties. Write to-day, and—don't put it off! Six subscriptions and six flower seed collections for $1.

SPECIAL OFFER! To any lady answering this paper, we will send, postpaid, a beautiful Lady's Gold Finished Watch Pin, and we will also send, free, a very pretty and exquisite blue flower, the great novelty of 1892, known only to a few of the coolest connoisseurs in flowers. Cut this out and send us 25 cents for one copy of our Magazine of Floriculture, a book of great interest and value to all who love flowers.

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A Suggestion.

Helen—I get so tired of that young Mr. Idle; I seem to meet him every evening.

Ethel—Why don't you marry him, then?

His Value in Sport.

"Why do you call Jolliboy a trump?"

"Because he's always able to take everything in!"

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (Ltd.), Prop'rs.

VOL. V] TORONTO, MAR. 26, 1892. [No. 13

On Writing About Nothing.

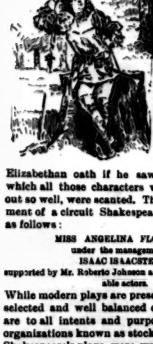
OUBT not but the man who first wrote an essay about nothing, was a genius whose memory is revered to the present time. To be sure, his fame to-day is not for those particular essays about nothing, but no doubt they contributed largely to the physical and mental happiness of himself and the readers of his own time. For it takes a genius to write acceptably about nothing. To hang paragraph after paragraph on an almost invisible peg requires a wealth of imagination and pentalkativeness only acquired by the greatest minds. Among the lost works of classic authors, there is probably much of this fribble. It is hard to believe that men so given to quibbling with words, so possessed with the mania of turning grasshoppers' skins inside out as Plato and Xenophon, did not perpetrate many essays upon nothing, many analyses of chimerical hypotheses. And this probably accounts for their hold upon Athenian affections. The best beloved writers of the day are men who can say much about nothing in a graceful way. What would the readers of the *Illustrated London News* do without the excellent Andrew Lang? And Elia, and the Thackeray of the Roundabout Papers! What cheerier men have we in literature!

The man who successfully writes about nothing says something sometimes, and 'tis well. Did he not, we would forget the quality of his mind and begin to think that the easiest thing in the world is to write as he does; and with this thought, the enjoyment of the writer's nothings would cease. Half of the enjoyment of aught that is the work of man is due to the knowledge that the creator had to work hard for our enjoyment. Does the reader of Charles Lamb's Dissertation Upon Roast Pig imagine that those, smoothly spun-out sentences do not represent honest industry? They don't give that impression 'tis true, but probably poor whimsical Elia spent several hours on that essay. The writings about nothing which most of us enjoy illustrate Goethe's saying that it is the function of art to conceal art. The majestic lines of Milton—though, to be sure, he writes about something—roll on melodiously without a jar, but some lady traveler has made an exasperated little squeak to find on viewing the manuscript of Paradise Lost at Oxford, that the great blind poet worked over and altered his lines, as does every writer who delights or amuses. Only the wondrous Shakespeare is said to have never blotted a line, which legend may be taken with a pinch of salt, for Will was a stage manager and there is no doubt in my mind that better sentences for his actors sometimes suggested themselves, and climax and anti-climax were re-considered.

The writers of the present day produce a good deal of "stuff" about nothing. Now that everybody is writing on space for some syndicate or other, we get little else than fribble. The daily mail of every newspaper in the country brings some offer of copy-wrighted space-filler with the names of prominent authors in the title. But the fribble that is written to-day has not the smack of the old writers. With everything favorable to the production thereof, the airy stuff that is written to-day smells of the lamp. We have no geniuses who can write about nothing. Thackeray is dead and Lamb is dead and their successors try too hard to be humorous or write too much.

TOUCHSTONE.

The Drama.



PERHAPS no dramatist has suffered more from the modern star system than Shakespeare. He would probably be surprised to see his plays presented with all the accessories of red lights and scenery and costumes. But he would be more surprised and might swear a good round Elizabethan oath if he saw the manner in which all those characters which he thought out so well, were scanted. The usual advertisement of a circuit Shakespeare company reads as follows:

MISS ANGELINA FLORIMORE
under the management of
ISAAC ISAACSTEIN,
supported by Mr. Roberto Johnson and a company of capable actors.

While modern plays are presented by carefully selected and well balanced companies, which are to all intents and purposes the excellent organizations known as stock companies. Now Shakespeare's plays were written for a stock company, and no plays ever written require so much genuine ability in every individual member of the cast as his. To "star" in one of his plays is at the outset to mar it. The acting of a play has so much to do with its acceptability that it is no wonder that one fails to derive the pleasure from such a production that the author's genius leads one to expect. Modjeska is the only star in the legitimate who has brought a decent company to Toronto this season. Since her appearance last September Robert Mantell, Thos. W. Keene and Julia Marlowe have presented plays of the great Elizabethan with companies, the mediocrity of whose members antidoted much of the excellence of the stars' impersonations.

Julia Marlowe has a flower-like quality in her acting which is possessed by no other woman playing to American hearers. She is a marguerite, delicately beautiful and poetic; but after her many illnesses, in her appearance at the Grand she was as a flower that droopeth. There was an inertia mingled with all the grace and sweetness of her impersonations that made the effective presentation of passionate bits impossible. Her Beatrice, despite her merriment, seemed as one who

"Never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought."

But this condition of Miss Marlowe's gave to her Viola a rare pathos and sweetness which, save a slight lack of spirit, left nothing to be desired. And despite the sense of weakness which characterized her Rosalind, it had all the poetry and girlishness and grace which only Julia Marlowe can impart to the sweet hoyden of Arden. On several occasions she failed to rise to her climax, however, and in both Much Ado About Nothing and Twelfth Night the last and telling scene fell flat.

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Rogues and Vagabonds, the curtain-raiser to Pygmalion and Galatea, is a pleasant little one-act play in which the fair actress has a chance to impersonate the historical Charles Hart, who impersonated female parts during the Stuart era in England, and the play gives one an idea of the old-time scorn and love for the acting profession. Miss Marlowe's impersonation has a charm and personal beauty that recalled that novel and really brilliant theory which Oscar Wilde first promulgated in regard to Shakespeare's Sonnets. Most critics have conclusively decided that those wonderful sonnets in which the great poet displayed a profound and mysterious love for one of his own sex, were addressed to the young Earl of Pembroke. But the original Oscar has suggested that these sonnets, in which love is usually applied only to the most beautiful of women are lavished on a youth, were inspired by no scion of the aristocracy, but by some boy-actor of the Globe Theater who possessed the unusual beauty requisite for a good impersonation of Rosalind or Viola. And in viewing Miss Marlowe's Charles Hart, one realizes that the theory has its strong points. But Miss Marlowe is a woman; and perhaps the divine bard of Avon never had the pleasure of seeing his own beautiful Rosalind adequately presented. Still it is possible that Charles Hart and his predecessors in Shakespeare's girl-parts may have had the grace and beauty of Miss Marlowe, and it would be a pleasant and poetic thing to know that the "Mr. W. H." on whom Shakespeare lavished so much affection was the originator of Rosalind and Viola.

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One of Shakespeare's methods in character delineating was a somewhat paradoxical one of drawing two characters illustrating one subject, which are totally dissimilar and yet parallels. There are two crazy people of the tragedy, Hamlet and Ophelia; Jacques and the Banished Duke, two men who love the forest for totally different reasons in As You Like It; and in Twelfth Night those two studies in vanity, Malvolio and Sir AndrewAgue-cheek. In the Friday night performance of Twelfth Night, Charles B. Hanford gave an excellent performance of Malvolio. He is a thoughtful actor, and a good elocutionist, but has little of the magnetism which holds the sympathies of an audience. But the unity and strikingness of the author's intention was utterly paralyzed by Giles Shine in his impersonation of Sir AndrewAgue-cheek. This actor is a monkey-shiner, pure and simple, and in his hands Sir Andrew the dandy, the man who overrates his brains, became a flaxen-haired abortion. I know several Sir Andrews who walk on King street every day. They are clean-scrubbed, supercilious young men, with curling locks and eye glasses, and some of them are stage-struck a little or pretend to be *blase*, and most of them may be seen in boxes of the Grand Opera House occasionally. A half-dozen ofAgue-cheeks at least reside on Beverley street. This same Giles Shine gave a bull-headed impersonation of Touchstone. Mr. Hanford's Jacques was a very good performance. It was somewhat robustious and lacked bitterness, but his soliloquy, The Seven Ages, was masterly. The gradual manner in which Jacques became enwrapped in his own simile, and his oblivionsness to his hearers, was admirable. His enunciation was also very fine. William Taber, the leading support, is the same pleasing lover, passionate hero and handsome man of Miss Marlowe's first season. He speaks well and has real fire. H. A. Weaver, sr., is a fine character actor. He played three *roles* requiring great versatility, and each to the life. As Dogberry and Sir Toby Belch he was jovial, hearty and lovable, and his Adam was genuinely pathetic. Edmund Lawrence played the Fool in Twelfth Night acceptably. Kittie Wilson is a little woman with an infectious laugh and a likeness to Rosina Vokes. The balance of the support was mediocre, when not positively bad. The dances which were introduced as finales were very striking, and Mr. Edward Howard did some good singing. I hope Miss Marlowe will stay longer next time. I hope she will bring a better company. And most of all, I hope she will enjoy better health on her next visit to Toronto.

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For the last few months there has been a tempest in a teapot over the original German play from which Helen Barry's A Night's Frolic and Rose Coghlan's Dorothy's Dilemma were translated. Helen Barry was the first to steal from the German author, and she has since endeavored without success to prevent other people from stealing from the same source. Now, it is said that Rose Coghlan is suing Miss Barry for libel, and it is not known how it will all end. Between them they have managed to give a good deal of notoriety to a play, that, as a play, was never worth a tinker's damn. To be sure, A Night's Frolic is a better constructed play than Dorothy's Dilemma, but either at bottom is but an excuse to get the star into a piquant pair of trowsers. Whatever real humor there is in A Night's Frolic was put on from the outside by Augustus Thomas. It is painful to see actors of such excellence as those playing at the Academy this week, throwing their abilities away on such a poor piece. Helen Barry is a very clever actress, well up in all the methods of a society comedian. Her impersonation was an improvement on Rose Coghlan's presentation of a similar part. There was nothing rubbishy about her Lady Betty. The somewhat suggestive second act was very agreeably handled by her. She was boisterous, but not noisy, and though she made the most of everything she never exaggerated. Mary Shaw showed to what perfection a great actress can bring a small part, and this remark may be adapted to J. H. Gilmore as the French Chasseur. The drunken scene, though a tedious and stale incident, was well handled by Owen Westford and Bert Andruss. Neil McLeod played the negro body servant excellently, as did Albert Fisher the bluff commodore. Ellen Prom was a conscientious but not ingenuous *ingenue*.

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While Mr. DeWolf Hopper is in the city and these lines may perhaps reach his eye, I wish to express my gratitude to him for the Wang literature and souvenirs with which he has for some months supplied me.

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I hear that the lady managers of the Orphans' Home have made arrangements with the Toronto Amateur Dramatic Club to produce the New York Madison Square Theater success, A Russian Honeymoon, an adaption from the French of Eugine Scribe, by Mrs. Burton Harrison. This play is in three acts, and contains any quantity of rich comedy. The performances are to take place at the Academy of Music on April 22 and 23, with Saturday matinee, and the proceeds will go to the Building Fund of the Orphans' Home. The following is the amateur cast:

Alexis Petrovitch (a journeyman, afterwards Count Worotoffski).....Mr. Gerald Donaldson
Poleska (his wife).....Miss Justina Thomson
Baroness Vladimir (his sister).....Miss Amy G. Ince
Ivan (a master shoemaker).....Mr. William Kirkpatrick
Micheline (his daughter).....Miss Beatrice Roberts
Koulikoff Demetrovitch (intendant of the Chateau Worotoffski).....Mr. Lyons Foster
Osip (a young peasant).....Mr. G. Foster
Guards.....Messrs Gibson and Mackenzie

The New York *Critic* says: "Of all the pretty plays which have been seen on the boards of the Madison Square Theater, A Russian Honeymoon, by Mrs. Burton Harrison, is the prettiest. Manager Kirchner of the Academy has kindly put his theater at the disposal of the amateurs for rehearsals. As this entertainment will take place immediately after Lent, there can be no better way of re-opening the season than with amateur theatricals for such a deserving institution as the Orphans' Home.

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The attraction at the Academy is Mattie Vickers, in a comedy entitled the Circus Queen. On Tuesday night a benefit will be tendered to Manager Kirchner, and the friends of this affable and busy manager will undoubtedly fill the house. Mr. Kirchner has been instrumental in bringing to Toronto Sara Bernhardt, Marie Hubert Frohman, Maclean and Prescott, The Tar and Tartar, The Private Secretary, Niobe and many other attractions. The Grand announces Joe Murphy for the first three nights, and the ever welcome Rosina Vokes for the last half of the week.

TOUCHSTONE.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

E. S. Willard's impressions of a portion of his American experience are indicated in the following extract from a letter to a friend in England: "I am glad, on the whole, that I went to California, but I fancy it will be a long time before I return there on a professional visit. The journey is so long—four days on the cars unless you take some one-night towns—and the expenses of transportation are great that you must do tremendous business to make it worth your while. The prices at the theaters are low also, and although you can of course raise them, it is a risky thing to do. We packed the California every night and then barely paid expenses. . . . I find that each city judges for itself, and a New York or Boston reputation is of no value except in the immediate vicinity of those cities." Which latter remark is peculiarly true as regards Toronto, at any rate.

In new plays there is activity still, though the season nears the waning period. Sydney Rosenfeld has not been idling. A fresh comedy from him, called Imagination, will be tested in Philadelphia in a few weeks. Late in April Burr McIntosh, actor, reciter and athlete, will produce in this city a new curtain raiser, said to contain a bright and original idea. Lottie Blair Parker, an actress and the wife of a manager, has sold to Daniel Frohman a one act play, White Roses, which is to be performed at the Lyceum by and by. Thomas Frost's curtain raiser, Chums, was tested in Philadelphia last week by a Charles Frohman troupe. J. M. Hill's latest purchase is a comic opera by Reginald De Koven and H. B. Smith, called The Fencing Master. It will be sung at the Union Square this summer. Marie Tempest, at high wages, will have the chief *role*. Rosina Vokes has faith in Minnie Madden-Fiske as a little Rose, and she will see that it is little play, The Rose, and she will see that it is produced in London. Miss Vokes has bought the English rights. The German Lilliputians have added to their repertory a spectacular play, Candy, which on its first performance in St. Louis, was successful. Charles Coghlan's new piece, which his sister Rose will produce in Washington on April 18, has been christened The Check Book. Pauline Hall, during her summer season in Boston, will present a new opera, the music by Edgar S. Kelley, and the book by C. M. S. McLellan, a graceful and incisive writer, but a new hand at libretto making. Anna Sewall's touching book, Black Beauty, has been dramatized at last, and next season the play based upon this charming and quaint story will be seen on the stage. A better subject for an equine drama could not be imagined. It is to be hoped the book has been reverently dealt with by the dramatist.

Writers of stage dialogue should understand stage elocution. It is not enough to avoid anti-climaxes to the acts of a play; they should not occur in the speeches. The method used by some dramatists of thinking their lines out loud, is an excellent one.

Many a young playwright has been forced at rehearsals to hear his speeches turned literally and foremost because he had not mastered the art of writing them to a climax. To illustrate: The following is a speech from a play as it was originally written. A soldier is parting with his wife:

She—But if you are killed?

He—You must find strength to bear it like a soldier's wife. My fate is with Heaven, whether it betide weal or woe.

The stage manager transposed it in this way:

He—My fate is with Heaven; whether it betide weal or woe you must find strength to bear it like a soldier's wife.

A speech from the last act of Augier's great play, Les Fourchambaults, is an excellent example of a speech brought to a climax. It occurs in the scene between the two brothers:

Bernard—When your ship was in distress, I took the helm. I have restored order in your business and in your family. I have preserved your sister, who is also mine, from a miserable marriage. All this I have done at the request of my mother. Finally, you have struck me and I have not crushed you."

The veriest tyro in the art of stage elocution will recognize the mastery construction of their speech. It would be almost impossible to read it incorrectly. Shakespeare must have been a skilful reader of blank verse, and Browning quite the reverse.

During the rehearsal of a new play in New York last summer, the writer was present. The author had given the comedian a speech, addressed to the villain, that ran something like this:

"I have discovered your plot to work harm to that young girl, and I warn you that I shall leave no stone unturned to defeat your dastardly plan."

The comedian's part was that of a quick-witted, glib-tongued young man, who had spent a portion of his life out west. When he came to those particular lines at the first rehearsal, he read them off and then turned to the playwright.

"Look here, B," he remarked, "no man, except in a cheap melodrama, would talk like that. It is unnatural and out of character. This is more like what he would say:

"'See here, I am on to your little game, and if you don't drop it like a hot potato, I'll put a bullet through you in less time than it takes you to wink your snaky eyes.'"

The comedian had his way.

Theatrical elocution is an art peculiar to itself. It differs from that in common use among platform readers and reciters in this particular: An actor reads a sentence with the fixed purpose of conveying to his audience the thought contained in that one sentence, and nothing more. His tone should give no indication of what is to follow. The reason for this is obvious. To convey more than one thought to an audience at a time is to divide their attention and consequently weaken the effect. Platform readers have a method of running their sentences one on top of another and ending them with an inflection which gives their hearers a hint of what the next sentence is to be about. The result is that the mind of the audience, which naturally keeps pace with what is being said, pass rapidly over the last sentence or two and are occupied with what is to follow. This is nothing else than anti-climax.

While on the subject of stage elocution it may be timely to point out an atrocious method of reading which has come into fashion with the new school of suppressed acting. Two celebrated artists from abroad who visited this country not a long time since, were guilty of it in a number of instances. By what authority we are forced to listen to such errors of punctuation as the following, is as yet unexplained:

"I will come in a moment do not wait for me."

"Very well if you are not there in five minutes I shall return and, fetch you myself."

The old school of stage elocution was ponderous and stilted, but its exponents paid proper heed to punctuation points.

Rosina Vokes.

How many thousands have been delighted and charmed by the music of her voice and amused by the artlessness of her manner. If it were only possible to know, no doubt the world has been made brighter by her living in it, for she has brought sunshine into the hearts of mankind, and taught them that, after all has been said and done, "life is what we make it." Here is not the art of the photographer nor scene painter, but the water-color artist, full of light and grace; for old time's sake every lover of the best in art will pray that Rosina Vokes may drink deep of the perpetual fountain of youth, so that she may be permitted to show the coming generation, still in pantalets and pinafores, what pure hightoned comedy is.

There is in the name of this jolly little English woman something to make an old heart young, something to revive memories that have long been covered with the dust of time.

For her three nights' engagement at the Grand, which begins next Thursday, Miss Vokes has made the following happy selections: Thursday and Saturday nights the performance will begin with A Game of Cards, a comedy in one act adapted from the French, in which Felix Morris is seen in one of his strongest characterizations. This will be followed by Barbara, a comedy in one act by Jerome K. Jerome, and conclude with that laughable skit on amateur theatricals entitled A Pantomime Rehearsal, into which a number of new features have been introduced, chief among them a shadow dance, arranged and performed by Miss Vokes and a trio and dance entitled The Diplomatic Fairies, in which Miss Vokes is gracefully assisted by the ladies of her company.

Friday and Saturday matinee the bill will consist of Percy Pendragon, a comedy in one act taken from H. J. Byron's Married in Haste, That Lawyer's Fee, a new farcical sketch by H. Beerbohm Tree of the Haymarket Theater, London, and B. C. Stephenson's exquisite comedietta, A Double Lesson.

Love's Doubting.

For Saturday Night.

Isabel, your eyes are blue,
Like the sky in summer weather;
Isabel, can you be true?
Tell me, ere we join together
Hands that never part,
Come and show to me your heart.

Isabel, your hair is fair;
Golden threads gleam not more brightly;
Isabel, must I beware
Not to hold your love too lightly?
I shall prize it for its worth—
Still the dearest thing on earth.

Isabel, your lips are red,
Like the ruby's crimson glory;
Isabel, when all is said,
Do you think of my love's story?
When the lights have ceased to shine
In your life and love still mine?

Isabel, your hands are small,
Fair and slender, like a flower;
Isabel, can they do all
Love shall ask, from hour to hour?
Naught on earth our hearts can sever;
Clasp those hands in mine—forever.

LAURIEN DARE.

On the Lake.

For Saturday Night.

E'en as the purple sunset dies
Across the softly shimmering lake,
The whispered winds arise in p'ay,
The rugged banks new beauty take.

The darkling shades of evening drear,
Now lengthen as the sun declines,
And o'er the mournful water's breast
A wheeling bird shrieks loud and clear.

But soon the light of sunset fades,
The evening star her beauty shows,
And softly, like the roseleaf's fall,
The birds of air their pinions fold.

From shore to shore the message flies—
"God watches o'er His creatures all,"
And plunged fowl within the cool
In peace await the coming morn.

And wandering near the waters dark,
A stranger I, from city's whirl,
Can see His handiwork in all,
Can trace His power in this sweet peace.

A whisper-thought comes to my mind,
A breath of love from Nature's heart,
I see in these vast waters deep
The love of God towards all mankind.

B. KELLY.

March.

For Saturday Night.

Out of the East, with locks of white,
And angry voice came March the King;
And strove with might and main to fling
His letters round the melting night.
How hard he tries to stay the Spring!
With Boreas' speed, old Neptune's might,
And ancient Mars' fierce love of fight
He makes his war-cry ring!

How hard he dies! like some old man,
White-haired, yet loath to die, is he.
The Winter had loomed terribly
Had March but ridden in the van.
How stubbornly he holds the key
That Spring will turn for earth and man?
He'll surely keep it for one can.
A rare old warder he!

There, breathe your last, old March! Good-by
Last sovereign of a mighty line!
For though your reign was not benign,
I love you for the thoughts that lie
Within that snowy pall of thine!
You speak of Winter nights gone by,
Of gleaming ice, and sleighs and cheery,
And pleasures that were mine!

Ottawa, Oct. CHARLES GORDON ROGER

Until June Comes.

Have you heard the song a-humming
"Spring is coming! Spring is coming!"
For the robin has been noted;
He has registered and voted.
Winter's passed—we'll soon go Maying!
Dry goods stores are all displaying
Such a line of summer thingums,
Laces, linens, lawns and ginghams.
Yet, O! duffers, friends and lubbers,
Don't forget to wear your rubbers!
Gentle spring brings gentle showers!
Therefore cling to your galoshes.
Spring is coming, flower intentioned,
Winter's fled, as I have mentioned;
Yet I give this word of warning,
Wear your rubbers every morning.
Wear them evenings, and endeavor
To forget to wear them never!
Put them on her Cinderellas;
Also carry both umbrellas.
Though we boast like brawn Goliath,
Spring is coming! winter flyeth!
Yet wear rubbers, wear them always;
And if needs must in the hallways
Some one else's you may borrow
And return them on the morrow;
But till June comes, dry and cheery,
Wear your rubbers, Honey Deary!

W. D. ELLWANGER.

Compensation.

In that new world toward which our feet are set
Shall we find aught to make our hearts forget
Earth's homely joys, and her bright hours of bliss
Has heaven a spell divine enough for this?
For who the pleasure of the spring can tell
When on the leafless stalk the brown buds swell,
When the grass brightens and the days grow long
And little birds break out in rippling song?

Oh, sweet the dropping eve, the blush of morn,
The star-lit sky, the rustling fields of corn,
The soft airs blowing from the freshening seas,
The sun-flecked shadows of the stately trees;
The mellow thunder and the falling rain,
The warm, delicious, happy summer rain,
When the grass brightens and the days grow long,
And little birds break out in rippling song!

Oh, beauty manifold, from morn till night,
Dawn's flush, noon's blaze, and sunset's tender light
Oh, fair, familiar features, changes sweet
Of her reviving seasons, storms and sleet,
And golden chains, as start the wheels through spa
From snow to rose; and how dear her face,
When the grass brightens, when the days grow long,
And little birds break out in rippling song!

Oh, happy Earth! Oh, Home so well beloved!
What recompenses have we, from thee removed
One hope we have that overtops the whole:
The hope of finding every banished soul
We love and long for daily; and for this
Gladly we turn from thee and all thy bliss,
Even at thy loveliest, when the days are long,
And little birds break out in rippling song.

CELIA THAXTER.

Between You and Me.

OBBIES are horses for fools to ride," sings the old song. Well, that depends. We may find the man or woman with a hobby not such a fool after all, but the hobby must be made of good material, ornamented with discretion and shod with common sense. Then a hobby is not a bad horse to ride. I have some friends in this city who ride hobbies which seem to me very pretty steeds. They are made of humanity to all living beings, decked with deeds of gentle kindness and shod with reason. One of these friends has a strong feeling on the subject of the fashionable hats which are adorned with birds. He or she, as the case may be, feels deeply, and encloses some notes on Barbarous Millinery, taken from a well known magazine, for my perusal. How dreadful must it be to have such thoughts as follow this sentence, when one bedecks oneself in stolen plumes. Listen!

"Winged creatures of rare plumage, full of grace, and leaping life, and happy freedom, are snared, trapped, netted, limed, and, to preserve their value for the ladies, skinned alive; for ladies must have their coloring full, vivid, brilliant, and only by skinning while the body still quivers and the blood is hot can the full, vivid brilliance of the little creatures' splendor be preserved. For the same reason as for snaring, trapping and flaying alive, the mating season is chosen for the atrocity. While proud and pleased with triumphs of love and cradle joys, the hues and fires of the beautiful birds burn with their intensest splendor, then is the time their murderers crowd around them; search high and low the day through to find them; bear lights in the night and decoy them. Reckless of all the tender passions which they quench for ever, of the happy companionships, the little hearts they make lone and hurt and bleeding, of the helpless nestlings they leave to the slow inevitable death of hunger, opening their wide mouths in vain and wondering why nobody comes to put food in them—all, that when the milliner shows the feathers of the parent-birds she may be able to do so in their richest splendor. Ten thousand dancing joys of the forest are turned into ten thousand screams which are of no avail; the pretty skins must come off, they are worth sixpence, and their bodies, still quivering with parental distress and heroism, are thrown into the ditch and to the rats. So are the happy, gallant things hunted down and atrociously massacred for the merchants, for the ladies." Such burning words as these, dear ladies, make one wince at the bare thought of wearing a stuffed bird, don't they?

I like boys, big or little, as many a dozen bright boys know, but sometimes my liking is strained, and it was, one evening lately, when a party of students boarded a Snerbourne st. car, *en route* for a lecture at some medical college. I guess where, but am not sure enough to risk writing it. There were several ladies on board, but these men (!) did not stop to consider them as they tramped over their toes, crushed into their laps, and filled the air with noisy vulgarity. I noticed one lady, with a very tired and worn look, who begged them to make less noise, as she had a severe headache, but their response was a stream of impertinent personalities. They sang, bawled, went on with all sorts of horse-play, and finally got off the car at Gerrard street. I heard the quiet opinion of several gentlemen, and saw the expression of the insulted ladies, and I put by my experience in case of need, and was sorry to have met with it, for the sake of all manhood. The wild and boundless prairies might contain such an unkempt and blatant half dozen and no one feel the worse, but in a civilized community, and in the narrow confines of a street car, they are an unspeakable outrage.

Why is it that medical students are credited with sharing the recklessness of the unjust judge of the parable? Is it bravado—that spirit which makes the surgeon jest and jeer as he performs an operation while his sympathetic heart almost stands still at his own gruesome work? I know a doctor who is cynical, bitter, pitiless, and to put it mildly, callous, over a surgical operation, whose quick retreat after his task is over is not the result of indifference, but the escape to hide his tears.

And, therefore, one cannot tell how shallow may be the veneer of coarse and loud vulgarity over the hearts of gold which even the unutterable sawbones who ran riot in the car the other night might chance to possess.

Some time ago a few of the stylish American ladies living in London started a "surprise party" club, and anticipated no end of fun from the transplanting of a democratic idea into the formal *parterres* of London society. But it would not work! They selected the mansion to be surprised and arrived on a stormy night, ready for a royal revel. But, attached to the mansion was a butler of uncompromising sternness, and he absolutely refused to admit the crowd. Whatever his English intelligence evolved from their advent and demands, he would have none of them and threatened to ring up the police if they did not leave the door. They had to go, of course, and the surprise party was a misfit and is going out of style.

Calico balls are great fun, but did you ever hear of a paper dinner party? Not a press dinner, please, there is nothing new about that, but a dinner at which the ladies and gentlemen wore paper garments. What fun they must have made, and being French people they would thoroughly enjoy the indoor carnival. A gallant Lohengrin, all in paper from the gilt helmet to the silver paper mantle and shield, a Spanish watchman with a black paper doublet and a paper lantern on his hat top, a *poudree* in yellow and white paper, Blanche of Castile in a costume of cream paper brocaded in gold, paper ribbons garnished paper dresses and tied the braids of fair dames, an *elegante* of 1860, with huge crinoline under her frilled paper skirts, and a scoop bonnet of paper, were some of the costumes noted. LADY GAY

Individualities.

The last picture upon which Meissonier worked is now on exhibition in London. It is a water color study of a soldier on horseback, and is done on the top sheet of an ordinary water color block. It was found near the painter's bedside after his death.

The Duchess of Montrose is interesting herself on behalf of the poverty-stricken inhabitants of Cromartie, who have no hospital, who cannot afford to build one, and who are obliged to convey sufferers from accidents, etc., to Inverness, some score of miles away.

Queen Victoria has recently decorated with the Albert Medal Lawrence Hennessy, who distinguished himself in the life-boat service at Hythe, where he was largely instrumental in the rescue of thirty-one sailors, and three times risked his life to save others.

The law forbids the Empress of China going outside of the grounds of her palace; but her interest in working women is so great that she has ordered built within the enclosure a large cloth and silk factory, and here she is planning to give work to many girls and women.

Miss Amy Baker, a gifted young elocutionist, has a parlor class of New York women who spend a profitable hour listening to her admirable selection of editorials and articles on current topics and events, clipped from both American and foreign journals of the time.

In Japan the people have a queer way of showing their appreciation of fine acting. They throw portions of their clothing on the stage, and after the performance redeem the articles at sealed prices, the money going to the actor or actress who has excited their admiration.

Spain's ex-Queen Isabella gave a closing reception in Paris the other day—a brilliant affair—in honor of the Infanta Eulalia's birthday. Isabella intends going to Seville to have a gay old time during Carnival week, and then to rehabilitate her soul by a round of Lenten services and penances in Southern Spain.

A troupe of African singers is being trained for the grand opera stage by Signor Farini, who sang with Lucca, Nilsson, and Parepa. The famous octoroon soprano, Selika, was one of Farini's pupils, and it was her wonderful European success that suggested to Farini the idea he is now attempting to carry out practically.

The house of Madame de Sagan, in the Faubourg St. German, Paris, which the Anarchists tried to blow up a short time ago, can boast of one of the finest gardens belonging to any private residence in the gay city. The house was built by Hope, the eccentric millionaire, who threw away over a hundred thousand pounds on it.

The formal announcement that the Prince of Wales' colors will not appear on any racecourse this year has excited among turfites more regret than surprise. All the Prince's racers—The Imp, Derelict, Pierrette, County Council, Serpa Pinto, and a goodly number besides—have been leased out for the year to Lord Marcus Beresford.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton tells an amusing story of how, when she was a young girl, the women of her church raised money to educate a young man for the ministry. When he had finished at the theological school the young divine returned to his native town and preached his first sermon on the text: "Let your women keep silence in the churches."

Frau Rosa Czillag, whose death at Vienna was recently recorded, was an opera singer with a wonderful mezzo-soprano voice, and had sung in nearly all the great opera houses of Europe. Early in her career she was married to Herrmann, the late conjurer, but was shortly divorced from him. For some time her art brought her an immense income, but in 1874 she lost her voice, then became a cripple, and finally died a pauper.

M. Alexeief will be one of the coming men in Russia if he succeeds in his present mission. He is traveling through the famine stricken districts, and has been invested with extraordinary powers to right things which he finds wrong. Fifteen millions of rubles have been placed at his disposal, and he has authority to seize corn hoarded by speculators. He is mayor of Moscow, and is said to be a man of great capacity, and indisputable honesty—a rare qualification among Russian officials.

A famous English beauty, Lady Londonderry, has a peculiar and successful system for keeping her youthful freshness. Although she is perfectly well, she lies in bed one day in ten, sleeping in the morning of this day of rest until she wakens naturally. After a hot bath and light breakfast she goes back to bed and rests quietly in a darkened room till six o'clock, when she dresses in a peignoir, dines in her room, and sits about idly till ten o'clock, when she goes to bed again. No social event is considered of sufficient importance to cause the lady to give up this periodical retirement from the hurry and excitement of modern living.

The daily Press did not notice, nor did any reporter present get to know, the name of the distinguished French soldier who represented the widow of Napoleon III., and the newspaper people who saw the wreaths and crosses failed to recognize the beautiful floral cross, made with maidenhair fern and lilies-of-the-valley of France, with a small Napoleon 'N' made with white violets gathered in the grounds at Farnborough Hill by the ex-Empress herself, which was sent by special messenger from Aldershot to Sandringham. The letters written in French by the hand of the widowed ex Empress to the Queen and the Prince of Wales were, and are, kept private by the special desire of Eugenie; nevertheless, these letters, I hear, were by far the most sympathetic that Her Majesty Queen Victoria and the Princess of Wales received.

She Knew.

He—No woman knows what real happiness is until she is married.

She—Yes, when she finds she has just lost it forever.

When We Fly.

TO say that flying machines are in the air is not literally accurate but as a figure of speech it may be allowed. We hear of them, not from lunatic asylums, but the most serious quarter. Mr. Edison himself, it is understood, has a project in his mind to be worked out as soon as his more urgent business is disposed of. Mr. Maxim, a savant not to be trifled with, has been for months engaged in a project which has not yet forfeited his confidence. Major Moore has finished "a flying fox," made of steel and silk, costing a thousand pounds, which is said to be a complete success, whilst minor inventors may be heard of all over civilization. The fact is, that the possibility of the thing is admitted, at least it is not denied by scientists, and therefore we may be pardoned if we examine into the results which will be brought about when the flying machine makes its first successful voyage. People have hitherto overlooked this, being too deeply engaged in ecstatic contemplation of the idea.

So long as the machine costs a thousand pounds and weighs half a ton and measures forty feet, flying will be a joy unmixed for the multitude, except those unhappy martyrs of science who may happen to break their necks. We can imagine the scene when the first inventor rises from dull earth, amid acclamation of mankind, to explore the empyrean. We can imagine the jubilant articles published in the press every day! Woe be to him who utters a chilly word of warning. Indeed, it will not be needed. Gentlemen able to invest a thousand pounds in a machine will not be likely to abuse it. Propriety generally holds to many hostages of theirs; even should they be inclined to indulge in mischievous pranks the weight and dimensions of the machine will check them, and we rather imagine that these first voyagers will content themselves with soaring aloft in guileless gyrations, intent only upon astonishing the public. But we may rest assured that this boon will not be long monopolized by the wealthy. Once the principle is invented, minds of the second and third order will seize upon it, simplify the action, cheapen the materials and bring it down to a commercial value. In a few years they will be advertised at prices within reach of the multitude, and will compete with hacks, street cars and railways. They will be procurable on hire, like bicycles, and people with a few dollars will be able to take a trip in the air. What will happen next?

Well, in the first place, gates and fences, rivers, moats and ditches will lose their *raison d'etre*. While still sufficing to keep out harmless people, they will be cheerily ignored by the very people against whom they were set up, viz., intruders. This in itself suggests startling considerations. Since the Golden Age collapsed it has been found necessary to erect barriers of some sort round a man's domicile, lest malefactors should walk in. Now, the Golden Age has not yet returned, malefactors are not extinct, nevertheless, in the happy age of flying, soon to be inaugurated, all precautions in the shape of barriers will be rendered useless. For instance, there is a great deal of fuss being made, apparently in Scotland, amongst innkeepers at least, about certain paths which command a fine mountain view being closed against the public. Cases have been fought out at a vast expense and are now pending before the House of Lords. However the decision will go, these costs will be wasted if human beings learn to fly. An innkeeper defeated at law will invest in a stock of flying machines and his tourist clients will sail to the spot above gates and fences. It will be vastly funny for everybody except the laird. We can imagine the rush of gillies and keepers from point to point as the winged bipeds soar above the horizon, now here, now there. How shall they be stopped? Is it a maxim of law, no doubt, that the ownership of land extends from the heavens above to the waters under the earth. But that was not designed assuredly to meet the care of flying individuals. There is another maxim, more imperative, that the law should not be made ridiculous, and that would also apply. Though the aerial voyagers were prevented from landing, the purpose for which those paths were closed would fail, the deer and grouse would be frightened out of their wits. But it is not only in Scotland that landowners wish to keep out intruders; they demand and obtain privacy elsewhere. But what is the use of brick walls and barbed fences, when excursionists skim over them in mid-air with luncheon baskets and vanish to picnic behind the trees? To find the spot chosen, if pursuit be possible, might be a long business, as the visitors are independent of roads. Meanwhile, refreshed with beer and sandwiches, the tourists will view the mansion, poised in mid-air, or alight at some point of interest.

Love, as we all know, laughs at locksmiths, but has to reckon with them nevertheless. That will be done away. No use in kicking the young man out unless the young lady approves; if she does not, as is often the case, how can communication be prevented? We do not confine our daughters to dungeons nowadays, neither do we lock them up in their rooms indefinitely. Vigilance, as degrading to one party as the other, will be needed, or the winged "uneligible" will obtain an interview. He may hang on to the window at night and without a wire ladder, but by means far more romantic may furnish a paragraph for the newspapers. And pursuit would be extremely difficult when the couple can flit to the next county before taking a train. There is another class of individuals, less worthy of sympathy, to whom the invention will be extremely useful. We cannot doubt that the thoughtful and enterprising cracksman of the period has his eye upon this device. To no other order of mortals will it be so useful. No more raising up of ladders, screwing up of doors and fixing entanglements of wire up and down. All those troublesome and perilous processes which are the latest developments of his art, will be cast aside. The burglar and his trusty mate will simply don their wings and alight at the window or on the roof to pursue their calling, assured of flight if the alarm be given. And who shall catch them once they are off? Indeed, so favorable to malefactors is the flying machine that we shall not be surprised if highway robbery be re-established. Indeed, what kind of extinct villainy may not be revived once a means of locomotion is discovered which takes no heed of roads or barriers and leaves not a footprint to identify the criminal? This is what flying comes to if we put aside rapture and romance. Perhaps science will discover a means of defence for us about the same time. We hope so.

DOUGLAS.

Babiet.

For Saturday Night.

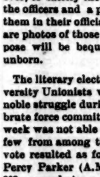
When youth's enchanted dreams have fled,
And fondest hopes departed,
When love is lying cold and dead,
And thou art broken-hearted—
Dear child, dear child, my heart shall be
Still warm with love for thee, for thee.

When trusted friends betray their trust
And dearest ties are broken,
When faith is trailing in the dust
Before her faithless token—
Dear child, dear child, my heart shall be
Aye leal and true to thee, to thee.

When tossed upon life's troubled seas,
Or lost in deserts dreary,
When life thy dearth cannot appease,
And then art faint and weary—
Dear child, dear child, my heart shall be
A home of rest for thee, for thee.

SAM GREENWOOD.

'Varsity Chat.



O numerous are the societies and organizations about the 'Varsity, that almost every person who is careful to nurse his ambition for office properly can secure election as an officer of some kind. This does not seem, however, to satisfy the desires of the majority of the officers and a picture has to be secured by them in their official capacity. These pictures are photos of those who desire them and I suppose will be bequeathed to generations yet unborn.

The literary elections are over and the University Unionists were routed. They made a noble struggle during the campaign, but their brute force committee on Friday night of last week was not able to cope with a similar select few from among the Alma Mater men. The vote resulted as follows: First vice-president, Percy Parker (A.M.), 257; E. A. Henry (U.), 202; second vice-president, C. A. Moss (A.M.), 252; W. L. Lingelbach (U.), 211; third vice-president, Harry Ketchum (A.M.), 260; J. Lovell Murray (U.), 189; recording secretary, P. E. McKenzie (A.M.), 262; R. H. Walks (U.), 196; treasurer, W. H. Moore (A.M.), 263; G. H. Levy (U.), 194; curator, N. McDougall (A.M.), 256; J. D. Phillips (U.), 194; corresponding secretary, A. L. McAlister (A.M.), 261; W. A. Buck (U.), 196; historical secretary, Harry Moore (A.M.), 258; H. E. Sampson (U.), 193; secretary of committees, W. B. Henry (A.M.), 263; John Ross (U.), 197; fourth year councillor, G. W. Orton (A.M.), 262; K.W. McKenzie (U.), 191; third year councillor, R.W. Dickie (A.M.), 258; J. T. Blyth (U.), 199; second year councillor, F. H. Richardson (A.M.), 265; E. M. Lawson (U.), 195; school of practical science councillors (two), H. Rolph (A.M.), 262; James Shields (A.M.), 259; J. S. Doble (U.), 203; W. V. Taylor (U.), 196.

The election of officers of the Women's Literary Society was held on Saturday evening in the Y. M. C. A. hall, but as the co-eds do not play Rugby the proceedings were conducted as it becometh those learned in the arts and sciences. Miss Durand was appointed to act on the editorial staff of the *'Varsity*. It was resolved to pay the expenses of the Glee Club out of the funds of the society. The franchise question was discussed in a number of phases, and a proposal to allow graduates to vote at the annual election for three years after graduation was defeated. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Miss Jeffrey; vice-president, Miss Lye; recording secretary, Miss Weir; corresponding secretary, Miss O'Rourke; councillors (fourth year), Miss Fleming; (third year), Miss M. L. Robertson; (second year), Miss Janie Hillock. The treasurer and first year councillor will be appointed in October. The Glee Club, under the management of Mrs. Harrison, who has proved a very efficient instructor, rendered sweetly Cherry Ripe, Gipsy Life, and Oft in the Stilly Night. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered to the retiring officers, and the meeting adjourned.

Officers of the Wycliffe College Literary Society have been elected, as follows: Rev. Septimus Jones, M.A., honorary president; Mr. W. C. Shaw, president; Mr. W. Cronyn, first vice-president; Mr. Edward Capp, second vice-president; Mr. H. O'Malley, secretary; Mr. H. Anderson, treasurer; Mr. Soanes, curator; Mr. R. J. Murphy, fourth year councillor; Mr. W. Robertson, third year councillor; Mr. W. D. Scott, second year councillor.

During the Easter holidays a number of teachers' associations will be held in the city, and old 'Varsity men will take a prominent part in the proceedings.

From now to June 1 no time will be lost, for every man and woman will study with a will to make up for what they term loss of time during the past three months. JUNIOR.

A Family Tradition.

He—This quaint old flagon was made in Venice. It has been in the family for hundreds of years, and there is a legend that it had a strange influence over the happiness of my ancestors.
She—I suppose when it was low in spirits they immediately became melancholy.

At Rehearsal.

Family Solicitor—You must know, then, that the old Duke, dying without issue, you, as the head of the collateral branch, not only inherit the titles and all the estates, but seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

First Small Boy (to Second Ditto)—Say, Smiggy, now is the time to strike him for your mudder's wash bill!

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

"Dear, ingenuous girl!" exclaimed Henry Rivers, with enthusiasm, as he kissed for the twentieth time a perfumed note which he had received about half an hour previously. "What tenderness and grace; what contempt, or rather, forgetfulness of mere extrinsic advantages breathes through the charming delicacy and reserve of these dear lines! And I, this trusting infidel that I was, to delay the offer of my hand till the official announcement of my appointment was made, lest, forsooth, Ellen Danvers should, on account of the want on my part of a sufficiently handsome income, decline the proposal she has so frankly, so gracefully, accepted! I would wager my existence that, when she read my letter, the fact of five thousand dollars a year having been added to my previous modest income did not for a moment catch her attention, far less influence in the slightest manner her acceptance of my suit. Beautiful Ellen! What would I not give to have been present when the modest gratitude, the amiable confidence which dictated her written reply, rose in gentle murmurs to her lips, and flashed with radiant eloquence from the clear depth of her dark blue eyes!"

Mr. Henry Rivers, who was seated at his solitary dessert, here paused in his passionate soliloquy to help himself to a glass of wine and some grapes. I had better improve the interval which elapsed ere he resumed his rhapsodies, to jot down a few particulars relative to his parentage, education, and present position in the world.

Henry Rivers, then, was the third son of a lawyer of standing, and had studied law himself—alas! with little profit. In the many hours of leisure his practice afforded him, he had managed to fall desperately in love with a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments, the second daughter of Mr. Cuthbert Danvers. While very amiable, she had the misfortune to possess no dowry save her beauty and her virtues.

Mr. Rivers was interrupted in his pleasant thoughts by a tap at the door. In a voice as much like his ordinary tone as possible he bade his visitor enter.

"Dear Aunt Barbara, is it you?" he exclaimed, jumping up as he caught sight of his guest. "I am delighted to see you. It is, I think, but three days since you were here, but an age has crowded into that brief point of time."

"Whom were you addressing so loudly when I knocked? I was afraid you had company," replied his aunt with a smile.

"I was soliloquizing, dear aunt; indulging in irrepressible utterance at the happiness, the joy, the bliss, with which this charming note has inspired me! Read it, and imagine my transport at its reception."

"A very lady-like, proper reply," said Aunt Barbara after a slow and careful perusal of it. "Ellen Danvers is a sensible, superior person; her family, too, are worthy people."

"Sensible! superior! How wretchedly cold an formal your expressions sound! The mild radiance of maidenly regard which shines through every line you have been reading, might, one would think, have kindled a warmer—"

"Nonsense, Henry!" interrupted Mrs. Barbara Rivers. "Do you mistake the matter, girl, or has your good fortune utterly crazed your brain? Pour me out a glass of wine. I have walked all the way from the station, and came only to congratulate you on your appointment. There can now be no mistake about that."

"Certainly not. Perhaps you would like to read Aytoun's letter announcing his success in procuring it for me. Here it is.

"Very kind indeed, but he might have been less profuse of his foolish compliments. A real service, such as he has rendered you, requires no such silly tinsel to enhance its value.

"Foolish compliments!" exclaimed Henry, with some asperity. "I believe Aytoun is perfectly sincere in every expression he has used. You need not, Aunt Barbara, wish to throw a slur upon him in that manner. I do not, of course, mean that I deserve the high compliments he is pleased to pay what he calls my great ability and superior fitness for the place. Pshaw! I am quite sure he thinks precisely as he writes. He and I, you know, were college friends."

"You silly boy! Why in the world better you should believe so; we gain nothing by prying too curiously beneath the surface of the world's conventionisms. But let us change the subject. I am very glad you took my advice not to make Ellen Danvers an offer till your appointment was announced."

"I doubt," rejoined Henry, with increasing ill-humor, "if either Ellen or her father bestowed a thought on the subject, or was in the slightest degree influenced in their decision by my increase of fortune."

A merry laugh broke from Aunt Barbara's lips, but she made no answer in words.

"Still, as ever, I see, a disbeliever in true love or friendship. According to you, aunt, the purest emotions, the highest actions, have all necessarily an alloy of earth about them."

"Perhaps so; but I am not so foolish as to wish to cloud your happiness by needlessly insisting upon the selfishness which, I believe, lies at the bottom of almost all human motives."

"There aunt, I differ entirely with you. I would have all polite shows, all in the believes banished and replaced by a constant and frank sincerity."

"And so disenchant the world of its romance, its poetry, its innocent and agreeable illusions! Insist that people should be perpetually annoying and insulting each other by irritating, useless sincerities! Society, my dear boy, under such a *regime* would not be endurable."

A long and wearisome discussion ensued upon this knotty point, during which both speakers occasionally manifested very natural symptoms of drowsiness. Henry Rivers persisted in stoutly maintaining that affection, friendship, contain'nated with the slightest admixture of worldliness, was not worth acceptance. But he was at length disgusted with his aunt's obstinacy, and his eyes, in spite of himself, began to close. Still he struggled manfully against the unpolite feeling, sipped a little more wine, and even fancied for a moment, from his aunt's silence, that she was giving in. But suddenly the placidity of his respected relation was broken as if by a squall, and she displayed a warmth and vehemence quite foreign to her usual serene manner. Her very features appeared to dilate and charge with passion as she pursued her argument.

At length, after concluding a long and fierce invective, in which Ellen and the angelic disinterestedness of Ellen Danvers, Aytoun, were strangely mixed up and confused, she pointed with a significant gesture to a small oval hand-glass which happened to be lying on a side-table.

"You remember on what occasion I presented you with that toilet glass?" she asked.

"Certainly I do."

"I have never informed you of its strange qualities, though I have been frequently on the point of doing so. It is a magic mirror, and I will confer on you, as it has conferred on me, the wretched privilege of seeing and hearing all things that concern yourself, without deception or disguise."

"Is it possible? But you must be jesting!"

"I was never more serious. The proof is easy. Breathe thrice upon it and the scene your wish suggests will instantly be pictured there. You will also hear every syllable that passes between the persons summoned before you."

Henry seized the glass with a confused feeling of delight and vexation. Was his aunt mocking him or did he really possess a talisman which would enable him to look beneath the outward shows and shams of the world?

He breathed thrice upon the mirror, and expressed a wish that the interview between his friend Aytoun and the secretary should pass before him.

Magic, indeed! The glass in an instant displayed a large, handsome apartment—the business cabinet, apparently, of a great personage. Subordinate officials and clerks glided in and out.

"Mr. Aytoun has been waiting some time, Mr. Secretary," said a gentleman who had just entered. "He is becoming impatient."

An expression of extreme annoyance passed over the great man's features as he muttered: "That is the most persistent fellow I ever betrayed some weak-worried a government for favors. He is, however, too important to be slighted. Ask him to walk up," he added, in a louder tone.

Mr. Aytoun entered, and it was marvelous how rapid a change the secretary's features underwent.

"My dear fellow, I am so glad to see you! I have been longing to talk over your last speech. It was—you know I am not in the habit of flattering—a first-rate thing. Every one is talking about it."

Aytoun bowed and looked pleased. He did no', however, reply, but silently kept his seat in an expectant attitude and manner which no secretary could possibly misunderstand. Comparatively young as he was in years, he was already far too old in public life to be amused or diverted from his purpose by empty compliments.

"I suppose," said the secretary, after an embarrassed pause, "you have called respecting the appointment you have solicited for—for—"

"Mr. Henry Rivers," suggested the visitor.

"Yes, Rivers. Are you very desirous of obtaining it for him, because I have partly promised it to—"

"I am desirous," interrupted Aytoun tartly, "that you should oblige me in this matter. If is, I think, a favor to which my unvarying support of the administration fully entitles me."

"Excellen: man! true-hearted friend!" ejaculated Henry, averting for an instant his eyes from the mirror; "this is indeed friendship in its true essence. Here, too, there is no disguise, no false coloring."

He looked triumphantly at his aunt; but observing, to his great surprise, that that lady's countenance still retained the cold, cynical expression it had lately assumed, he turned again to the magic glass.

He must have missed a sentence or two, for the secretary was saying: "Quite an undeniable, I think, a favorable one. He has never, I believe, done anything particular since he has been practicing."

"Confound the fellow!" muttered Henry, coloring at the same time to the tips of his ears. "How came he to know that, I wonder?"

"This office," interposed Aytoun, "requires, I believe, no remarkable ability in the person filling it. If it did, believe me, I should hesitate greatly in asking it for Henry Rivers. I am a young man yet, I have no doubt, good principles; but as to great quickness of intellect, that is quite out of the question."

The holder of the magic glass turned his face stealthily toward his aunt, but snatched it swiftly back as his eye encountered the mocking, triumphant smile which curled her lip.

"If you press it," rejoined the secretary, "we must oblige you; but really, since the person to be benefited is so mere a nobody—"

"You mistake the matter," interrupted Aytoun; "I care very little about Henry Rivers, though I believe him to be a worthy fellow enough, but the fact is, his brothers are busy, influential men in my district; you know how closely parties are divided there—and I really cannot afford to lose their support, as I unquestionably should if this appointment were not conferred upon their somewhat feather-headed brother.

"Enough, enough! he must have the appointment. Send him a civil message from me, and say I will appoint an interview with him soon."

"My lady! accompanied by my lady! congratulatory compliments. *Cela va sans dire.*"

Henry laid down the magic mirror. This, then, was his friend—the man for whose integrity of soul he would have pledged his life! Never would he place faith in mortal man again—never!

A few minutes' reflection, and a glance at the slender timepiece, which was lying on the table, suggested other thoughts. "He has certainly rendered me an essential service," he thought, "and what he said was, perhaps, after all, not entirely incorrect; and yet I can no longer look upon, or feel toward him as I did. Confound the mirror! he actually smiled with sudden passion, and acted as if about to dash it on the ground. "Aunt Barbara was right—with regard, at least, to male friendships," he added, restraining his rising and speaking more calmly. "But the love of a maiden for her betrothed—the gentle guilelessness of a virgin heart palpitating with the pure and sweet emotions of a first affection; these feelings, caught by heaven, unstained of earth, cannot be too confidently reckoned upon as a possible source of a first affection; these feelings, caught by heaven, unstained of earth, cannot be too confidently reckoned upon as a possible source of Once more his breath thrice dimmed the magic glass; then, "like the murmur of a dream he breathed her name," accompanied by a wish to see all that passed from the receipt of his marriage offer till the answer was despatched.

The wizard depths of the mirror instantly displayed a handsome, richly furnished sitting-room, opening with French windows upon a shrubbery and flower-garden, through which presently entered Ellen Danvers, attired in an elegant white morning dress, and with a bouquet of brilliant flowers in her hand. A servant approached, presented a letter, retired—and retired, Ellen Danvers placed the flowers upon a marble stand, and, glancing curiously at the seal, with some precipitation removed the envelope.

The blush deepened as she read, till its hue mocked that of the freshly gathered roses by her side; a bright smile beamed on her lips, and a soft, low sigh, as she seated herself in pensive mood and attitude, escaped her gentle bosom.

"Thrice blessed mirror!" murmured Henry.

She was roused from her reverie by the entrance of her younger sister, Marian.

"Ellen, papa wishes to see you in the library. He looks as grave as a bishop. Mamma seems equally solemn. And you—why, Ellen, your eyes are filled with tears! What, for mercy's sake, can it all mean?"

"Read this, Marian," said Ellen, offering the letter, and pacing at the same time an arm round her sister's waist. "Papa has doubtless received a companion epistle."

Marian read, and, when she had finished, exclaimed, with a kind of regretful archness: "A proposal of marriage from Mr. Rivers, as I'm alive! No wonder everybody seems struck of a blow! But I forbid the banns."

"Do you, Marian? And for what reason?"

"Reason, Ellen! As if reason had so much to do with these affairs! In the first place, then, you would have to leave us; in the next, he is nothing like so handsome as Frank Mildmay. Ah, that blush, Ellen! Need I further explain why the match must be forbidden?"

"Mr. Mildmay, Marian, is out of the question. Papa has, you know, disapproved of him, and I entirely acquiesce in his decision."

"I wish Caroline and Fanny were at home. It's my impression," added Marian pettishly, "that Mr. Rivers is simply conceited."

"Nonsense! a little round-shouldered, perhaps."

"The devilish glass!" muttered Henry.

A servant entered, iterated Mr. Danvers's desire for Ellen's presence in the library, and the sisters left the room.

The moment, and the library was disclosed, with Mr. and Mrs. Danvers, Ellen, and Marian seated in council.

"Well, Ellen," said her father, "what answer shall we make to this ardent, eloquent lover of yours?"

The blushing girl did not raise her head, nor immediately reply. At last she said: "Do you not think, papa, I am too young as yet for so very serious an engagement?"

"You are one and twenty years of age, and your mother was, I think, a twelvemonth younger than that when we were married. Is that your only objection to the proposal of Mr. Rivers?"

"But, papa, I have seen so little of him that I—really, you must decide for me."

"You do not dislike him, Ellen?" inquired Mrs. Danvers.

"Oh, no, mamma; certainly not. I esteem him, and, as an acquaintance, rather like him; nothing more."

"Accursed mirror!" cried Henry.

"It is, I think, a very eligible match," said Mr. Danvers, "for a girl without fortune; and I do not think it at all essential to married happiness that the lady should be at first what is called in love with the gentleman. You will make a good wife—an affectionate wife—if that, Ellen, I am quite sure. By the appointment conferred upon him, Mr. Rivers' income is now at least six or seven thousand dollars a year, and that will maintain a very handsome establishment. Then, his character is unexceptionable, and his temper one of the easiest in the world. Altogether, Ellen, I think you have drawn a fair prize in the matrimonial lottery."

"The climate of the city where his appointment takes him is very healthful, I believe?" said Mrs. Danvers.

"Entirely so; and society there is of a somewhat high order."

"I suppose," said Ellen Danvers, blushing still more deeply than before, "from Mr. Rivers's official position, his—his wife will take precedence after the wife of the governor?"

"Certainly, Ellen—no doubt about it," replied Mr. Danvers with a sunny smile. "You run away and write your answer; mine will be ready in two or three minutes."

The young ladies tripped off to another apartment, followed by their mother, and a change of scene immediately exhibited Ellen seated at a writing desk, and endeavoring, while Marian peeped over her shoulder, to indite a fitting acceptance of Mr. Rivers's passionate proposal. But the task seemed an endless one. Sheet after sheet of notepaper was spoiled by her attempts; but, ultimately, she placed a rough draft of her approval in her mother's hands.

"Far too stiff, too cold, too formal, Ellen. This will never do."

"Then pray, mother, write it yourself and I will copy it."

Mrs. Danvers complied, and the missive which had so charmed Mr. Rivers was, after some emendations by Marian, fairly copied and subscribed by Ellen Danvers.

"Heigho!" signed the affianced bride as the three left the apartment. "No doubt you and papa know best; but I do wish I could reciprocate a little more warmly the poor gentleman's vehement passion for insensible and, I fear, not over grateful me."

"Don't be a silly, happy wife, Ellen," replied Mrs. Danvers, "and Rivers will be a fortunate husband."

"Infernal mirror!" exclaimed Henry as the glass showed a blank once more—"infernal mirror! you have robbed love, life, of all its charms! Frank Mildmay, too! I have seen him there! Madman, idiot that I was to avail myself of such devilish agency!" and again seizing the mirror he dashed it furiously beneath the fire grate.

The crash of the glass was echoed by the voice of Aunt Barbara, exclaiming, at its shrillest pitch, as she shook her nephew roughly by the arm: "Good heavens, Henry, what do you mean by smashing decanters in that frantic way?"

"Decanters, Aunt Barbara!" stammered Henry, starting to his feet, and thoroughly bewildered. "Wasn't it the mirror?"

"The mirror, Henry! Have you have been taking too much wine. I left the room only about half an hour ago, and on my return, behold, you are pitching decanters into the fire!"

"It was a dream, then, thank God! Aunt Barbara, you were quite right; and now, if you please, let us have tea."

About eight years after this, Mr. Henry Rivers was seated, on a pleasant summer evening, beneath a veranda of trellis-work festooned and encircled with gorgeous flowers, watching with calm delight the gambols of his three charming children. Near him sat his still beautiful wife, turning over a file of newspapers that had just arrived. Presently an exclamation of surprise greeted him.

"Frank Mildmay dead!" she exclaimed. "He has broken his neck in a steeple-chase. Do you know, Harry," she added, after a few moments' pause, and with one of the sweetest, happiest smiles that ever lighted up a woman's face, "that I once quite liked Frank Mildmay, and I do believe that, had it not been for dear, good, sensible papa, I should have accepted him rather than you. What a providential escape for both of us! Was it not, Harry?"

"Providential indeed," replied the husband, fondly pressing his wife to his side. Presently he added, in a musing tone: "A remarkably clever woman is Aunt Barbara. I should like to hear her opinion on the philosophy of dreams."

A Wonderful Actress

I want to talk to you about an actress whose career has been thus far like one dream, and the story of it is seldom equaled outside of novels. Those who saw her unheralded first appearance will never cease to congratulate themselves.

It was at the Fiorentini Theater in Naples in a little one-act comedy. I forget the title. The theater was almost empty. The few people that were in the pit were sleeping and yawning. Suddenly a young girl—almost a child—comes forward. She wears a short white frock and holds a few flowers in her hand. Her black hair is tied with a blue ribbon. She enters laughing. The ring of youth is in that laugh. It wakes the sleepers, and the yawners remain open-mouthed. The child gave the audience an electric shock.

A burst of applause greeted her first stage-laugh, and every eyeglass was directed to her. Then, on her young, white face, curiously seen. It was as though that frail, delicate girl, with those thin, pale cheeks, already felt the throes of human misery, as if the passion of woman had already struck her heart and showed itself through the smiles of childhood. There was something here which the public could not quite understand, but it was won as by a vision of future glory. This mere child, who came, saw, and conquered in one flash, was as much a child as she was young, and she did not know how to reply to the compliments that were poured upon her when the curtain fell. Her little white gown was crushed and shabby, the blue ribbon in her hair was faded, and the lace around her neck in shreds.

All Naples was talking about her in a few days, and the name of Eleanora Duse was upon every tongue. Since that time her career has been one blaze of triumph caused by the fire of genius which undoubtedly glows within her, as it seldom glows more than once in a generation. As this time she was eighteen years of age—tall, thin, and angular, but possessing a grace and a fascination which the Italian people could not withstand. Her Desdemona brought her most prominently into notice and caused the most unbounded enthusiasm.

Enthusiasm became frenzy, however, when she appeared as Therese Raquin, with Rezzanos as her mother-in-law. This is one of the greatest creations of Duse's career. From the moment you see the guilty wife leaning on the window-sill, with her eyes gazing inwardly at her miserable, guilty passion, to the moment of her final agony, that child lived in her part. She was the guilty wife, with remorse and disgust gnawing her soul. The flowers and smiles of childhood had disappeared—even gentle Desdemona was forgotten. In Therese Raquin she was only the morbid, passionate, sensual woman—a murderess to satisfy her lust—woman, female, beast, in one infamous trinity. Zola, himself, wrote to her, to thank her for this wonderful impersonation of one of the most terrible parts ever written for woman to play.

By this it will be seen that she is essentially a tragedienne and as such her standing may be gathered from the fact that on her last visit to Rome she received an ovation greater than that accorded to Bernhardt. Dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies, gathered at the stage door to cheer her and to escort her to her hotel amid a blaze of bengal lights.

She can express love, hatred, tenderness, anguish, joy, grief, jealousy, everything, in fact, without a touch of the paint-brush to aid her. She can change the expression of her face so quickly as Duse. A simple raising of the eyelid, a movement of the head, a curl of the lips, a smile to conceal tears, all give just the expression that she wishes to impart to her face, which is always of marble hue. She can laugh at pleasure, a rare gift for an actress, and in anger she turns red and white by turns, without any artifice but the feeling of the moment.

As yet she is practically unknown outside of Italy and Russia, except by hearsay, and it seems rather a pity that she will probably not come to America until her incoming years robs her of some of the charm she now possesses.

Ladies should remember the grand millinery opening at D. Grant and Co.'s, 206 and 208 Yonge street. Their establishment is always replete with new and fashionable goods and at the lowest prices.

Not Parallel Cases.

It was well along in the evening before paterfamilias arrived home, and he had barely settled himself in the big chair when little Freddie climbed into his lap and fondly rested his long yellow curls upon the paternal breast.

"Papa," lisped the boy, "tell me that story about George Washington again."

Papa was visibly delighted. With gentle solemnity he repeated the good old tale of the veracity of the nation's father.

"George's stern parent," papa related, with his cheek lovingly against that of his offspring, "was greatly moved at the evidence of her boy's truthfulness, and with tears in his eyes forgave the sin of cutting the cherry tree."

Freddie was deeply impressed.

"Was that right for him, papa to do?" he faltered, toying with a button on his coat.

"Most assuredly it was right."

"Papa?"

"Yes, Freddie."

"Would—would you do that, too, papa, if—if Mamie should cut a cherry tree?"

Papa had not the vestige of doubt that he would do just as did the father of George Washington under similar circumstances.

"But Mamie hasn't been cutting cherry trees, has she, Freddie?" cooed the parent, straining the beautiful child to his breast.

Freddie grew very thoughtful and was silent for a long time.

"Papa," he faltered at last.

"My boy."

The innocent, infantile face displayed evidence of agitation.

"Papa," Freddie exclaimed, as if under impulse, "the grease clock in the drawing-room is smashed in."

"Holy Christopher!"

"I wasn't sure that yearning affection now. Freddie burst into tears.

"I cannot tell a lie, papa," he sobbed. "I did it with my little hatchet."

"My boy"—the father's voice was stern—"there's a difference between a $10 cherry tree and a $500 clock."

And when Freddie retired to bed that night it was with very painful reflections on the mutability of human affairs.

We would draw your attention to the advertisement of China Hall's special sale in this issue. This old establishment has a beautiful display of goods in every line shown, and have just received five hogsheads of Doulton's crockeries and dinner and toilet sets, which will be displayed on Saturday.

He Got It.

"Shave, sir!" asked the barber of the bald-headed man.

"No," retorted the sarcastic patient. "I came here for a little conversazione."

She Knew What Was Needed.

"I had the strangest dream last night," said Sergeant Crossbelt. "I dreamed that the Venus of Milo took command of the company."

"What did she say?"

"Present arms!"

THE SWIFT Safety Bicycle has been produced with the view to raise the English Wheel from the DEAD LEVEL OF GOOD to a position of UNQUESTIONED SUPREMACY when viewed either as simply a Road or Racing Machine, or as a specimen of modern art and workmanship. It would be impossible to include in this advertisement a list of its advantages and superior qualities, but on application we will mail Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue free, or our Sales Show Rooms exhibit the Bicycles and fully explain wherein lies the points of special merit. Address

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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
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CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address.
T. A. Slocum, M. C., 186 Adelaide St., West, Toronto, Ont.

The Mystery of Connor's Mill.

(Written for Saturday Night by Mrs. M. A. Maitland.)

"What a queer-looking old fellow! Is he an idiot or what do you call him?"

"He is a queer-looking man, my boy, but I knew Neil Bain when he was something different from the miserable old tramp that he is now—a nuisance to the women and a bug bear to the children for miles around—and perhaps on this account I can bear better with him than some other folks can."

"Tell me about him Aunt. He would not be so fearsome if it were not for the scars on his face and his long hair; his eyes are blind enough. A few days more and I'll be away back to my books, then good-bye to story listening until the holidays roll round again, so let me have the history of this Old Man of the Woods to wind up with."

"He may look fearsome, but he is perfectly harmless as far as I know. I daresay the women hate to have such a greasy looking customer around their kitchens when they are about their cooking, and the children manage to get out of the way when they see 'Bonny Bain' coming along—on account of his forbidding appearance no doubt.

"His is a sad story, but there may be a lesson in it, and a warning too, for the young and thoughtless; there are few round these parts who remember the circumstances that made him what he is, as well as I do.

"How old are you now, Martin?"

"Fifteen past in July."

"Fifteen! Well, I was two years older than you are when my father came to settle here fifty years ago, and at that time this part of the country was little better than a wilderness. In these days we had to earn our bread twice over before it was eaten, and I tell you we didn't live on 'the finest of the wheat' either. What would you think if you saw your father start out for the mill, twenty-six miles away, with a sack of wheat on his back, a day's victuals in his pocket, and carrying a gun under his arm besides? You would count it dear eating, wouldn't you, when he got home on the third day after with the flour to make your loaf?"

"Why didn't he go on horseback?"

"He had no horse then; two steers were the only beasts of burden he possessed, and even if he had owned one he could not have driven it through miles of unbroken forest where all he had to guide him were the trees that had been tarred by the land surveyor, and many a tussle he had with bears and wild cats when the path was first traveled. For nearly four years we ate our bread thus dearly bought, when a mill was built on the Black Creek only six miles distant, more from where the town of Rockford now stands. A number of settlers had taken up land in the district since our coming, and it was for their accommodation that the new mill was started. It was constructed principally from native materials. The walls were reared out of cedar logs, the strong river bed furnishing the boulders, and the great lumbering wheel had its origin in some giant of the forest that had withstood many a tempest ere the axe of the white man woke the echoes of a new era in that sylvan solitude. A rough road was soon cleared through the bush, so the journeys to and from the mill were made on horseback.

"Things began to look up with us; my brothers, who were all younger than I, were able to take hold and fell the great hardwood maples, so the acres grew as the years went by. Still it was slow work, and we were often discouraged by the hardships and monotony of pioneer life. My mother and I especially, so, being the only women to do for so many of the male sex. We had been unusually depressed one day, and like one woman of old, had brought back, I fear with longing eyes, on the city behind us, when one of the boys who had gone out to the mill in the morning returned with the grain and the startling intelligence that the mill was stopped! It is hardly possible for anyone in this age of rapid transit by land and water to realize what these words meant to us. The mill stopped just meant no bread for a family of eight, and others in the neighborhood were no better off.

"The mill was stopped, but the reason why Frank could not explain. Connor and his helper, Long Tom, had spent the day trying to unravel the mystery, but so far had been unsuccessful. The water had been turned on and off, and on and off again, but still the wheel refused to move.

"Next morning my father started out with his precious load and an offer of help to the young miller, but he returned in the evening discouraged and despondent.

"'I suppose there's nothing for it but peging out the black track again!' he said with a sigh, meaning the woods. Portions of it had been cleared along the river bank since the old days, but for the greater part it was still inaccessible to any beast of burden.

"Weeks passed by and still the mill on the creek stood idle and the boys chafed sorely at their added burdens, for they had to take turns at 'lugging the old bags along!' Meanwhile strange stories began to be whispered about the mill in the little hamlet or clachan that had sprung up on the banks of the creek since its erection. Lights had been seen flitting about at unseasonable hours and the wheel had certainly been seen to budge during the daytime was said to spin round noiselessly in the twinkling starlight. There was evidently some mystery about Connor's Mill, that needed clearing up.

"A number of the settlers in the district—natives of the western Highlands of Scotland—were of the opinion that the mill was witched, and that until the guilty party was found out there was no use in trying to set the thing to rights. So with vengeance in their hearts and their weather eye open, on they trudged with their packs to Calstor.

"Connor had gone up the country for a day or two it was said to bring back some one to take the obstinate machinery apart and try to find out the cause of the stoppage, and in his absence a few of the daring young fellows of Crockers undertook to do a night's watching about his premises, with the help, it was said, of a suspicious-looking brown jug that had in some mysterious manner found its way to that rustic region. Sometime after midnight two dark figures were seen slowly approaching the mill from the rear, and without even the preface of a 'sesame' the door silently opened and the pair passed inside. By and by a light appeared in the dusty window, and the watchers ventured a little nearer, though their hearts beat a lively tattoo against their homespun "weskits" in spite of the fiery liquor, whose aid they had invoked.

"'They're dancing, they're dancing a witch's dance!' said Curly Joe, as the fellow dip witched and blinked at every pane of glass, for a broken window-pane; then, as if inspired by some demon, came the dread words: 'Let's fire them out!'

"To this fearful suggestion they all readily agreed. The question was only—How?

"'McGlashan's bru-h pile, and his cedar rails will help it crackle. Come on, boys!' The old hound has kept Nannie locked up for a week, so that she can't get a chance to say good-bye to Bain before he goes off to the cold-diggings.' We can spite the old duffer and boil the witch's cauldron with the same faggots.'

"Half a dozen pairs of sturdy legs were not loth to follow their leader, and half a dozen pairs of strong arms were not long in transferring the dry fuel, which was soon disposed around the mill as quietly as possible; then came the thick smoke and the crackling sound that told where the cruel torch had been applied. The youths disappeared as soon as their demon work was completed, but the cries of the caged victims speedily aroused the sleeping hamlet, and frantic efforts were made to effect an entrance to the mill.

"Two white faces were seen at the window and then at the door, but at the latter only for an instant, as the flames rushed in and drove them back. The sluice was raised so as to afford plenty of water to extinguish the fire, but no one could get near enough to make use of it. The cedar logs, of which the mill was built, blazed up like tinder, and there was no hope of saving the miserable inmates from being roasted alive.

"Strange to tell the wheel that had so long resisted every attempt to set it in motion now began to revolve, and the shrieking clatter of the grinders mingled with the roaring of the fire fiend, while the startled onlookers exchanged glances of horror and consternation!

"'Jump, jump from the window,' was now the cry from many lips, and by the help of long poles the rude frame was dashed in by the maddened spectators. A woman's form was raised to the lit le aperture and a frantic effort made to thrust it outside, but it fell back amid the stifling smoke, limp and helpless. Then a man, shrieking in the agony of pain and despair, leaped out amid the blazing faggots, and was with great difficulty dragged to an open space.

"'Help her! help her!' was all our poor Bain could utter ere he sank into insensibility, for it was, indeed, Bain who had stormed McGlashan's stronghold and released the prisoner in order to have a farewell meeting with his promised bride before leaving the country.

"When it became known who was in the burning building mighty efforts were made to at least save the body from cremation, but nothing could be done owing to the inflammable nature of the materials.

"Still the whirr of the huge grinders could be heard, and ceased not until the fiery tongues wound around them and licked up their bands and braces and thus silenced them forever.

"When the sun now nothing remained to tell of the night's cruel work save a few blackened logs, to which the wheel still faithfully clung.

"Neil Bain was tenderly cared for, and after many weeks of suffering rose from his bed with scarred body and a wretched mind—the poor creature who has degenerated into that miserable wanderer who has just left our door.

"Who the incendiaries were for a long time remained a mystery to the authorities, but in those days, and in the primitive state of the country, crime was not so easily found out as it is now. Some of the settlers believed that McGlashan himself had a hand in the business, because, perhaps after burying the mortal remains of his daughter, he sold his farm and left the locality. Bain, too, was of this opinion, for he would often follow up his dreamy far-away musings with an ominous shake of his shaggy head, and a muttered threat against the man who, he believed, had wrecked his life.

"It was, however, well known to certain persons who the miscreants were, and more than one had heard the story from the boys' own lips; but it was kept quiet, and after many years all but forgotten.

"Shortly after the fire, another mill was built farther down the creek, so the settlers were freed from their long and weary tramps once more.

"The old site with its ragged weather beaten wheel standing out grim and black against the sky, was shunned by the older portion of the fast increasing population as an unlucky spot, for they could not get rid of their native superstition, and even the children's natural curiosity seldom led them to invade its forbidding precincts.

"Connor took up land in the neighborhood and became a thriving farmer. One day he received a letter with a distant postmark, and written in an almost illegible hand of which the following is a translation:

"'I'll never see you more, Mr. Connor, but I want to tell you something: You see Headley was losing his custom after you started opposition, and one day when I was up at Calstor he offered me a place with him and promised too if I would shut you down. So I puzzled and planned how it could be done, and at last I got a chain and two iron spikes and spiked them into the logs below water mark. I was sent into the race, you know, to see if there was anything wrong with the wheel, but of course I didn't see any obstruction there because I didn't want to. I'll say this though, Connor, soon after I went up there I repented doing it, and every Sunday I was busy pretending to draw the spikes after dark, but I found out that I was watched so had to put out my lantern and slink away, and had to go back to Calstor next day with the load still on my conscience. If I had only gone and told you then instead of keeping it to myself I might have been a happier man to day.

"'A day or two after I heard that the mill was burned. Next time I met Curly Joe he let me into the secret of why the place was fired, and I tell you he was cut up about poor Nannie, but he said the brown jug had a big hand in it. I didn't tell him how much I was to blame, for what happened, I've carried that about with me until now, but if ever wrong-doing made a hell upon earth for any man, it has for me! You are welcome to make this public if you choose, and I hope you will forgive. Tom.'

"After this Connor went and examined the ruins of the old mill, and sure enough there were the spikes still firmly wedged in the cedar log, with portions of the rusty chain yet clinging to them.

"The freshet previous to the fire had sent a larger volume of water through the sluice, and this had wrenched the chain apart and set the wheel free.

"With the help of the villagers Connor cut down the ungainly landmark and made a bonfire of it and the other combustible material. Then the twisted iron bolts and bars were buried into the creek, the empty race was filled up and soon all trace of the unfortunate mill was lost to sight if not to memory.

"That fine new bridge just erected by the now flourishing town rests in eastern shadows on the spot where nearly fifty years ago stood the primitive structure known as Connor's Mill.

STRATFORD, ONT.

The Philosophy of Trowsers.

The intention of Providence is nowhere made more clear than in the fact that the outer bifurcated garment of the male human animal shall, after a suitable period of utility, bag at the pockets of gentlemen. This feature of a coat is a little in many ways a mark of superiority; and, instead of combating the tendency of which it is a result, the man of true and honest pride in his manhood will be satisfied, yea gratified, to see nature take its course. His contentment will be second only to that with which he notes the whitening of his hair, which, going on while his vigor of mind and body remains as it should be in his prime, becomes the most honorable decoration that it is possible for man to wear.

The bagging of his trowsers at the knees proclaims that man is animate; the chintz coverings of the flutes of his wife's and pianos show no intermediate bagging. It is a mark of humanity as distinguished from the lower orders of animals; the stork, one of the most conspicuous of creatures in the matter of legs, shows no bagging at the knees. The only brute that displays this tendency in a noticeable degree is the elephant, and it is significant that he, of the brute creation, is the creature that comes next to man in intelligence, kindliness, and the other qualities that go to make superior among created things. Man's baggy appearance about the knees is also a badge of usefulness; the dude and other creatures that are placed on earth to fill chinks in the economy of creation do not bag at the knees. But the dude is an incomplete entity by himself; then "man" is a "dude" in his non-existent; and in his man we find the characteristic and ever-present evidence of superiority—his trowsers bag at the knees unless the dude makes this impossible by putting him in a livery that does not include trowsers. That the bagging of one's trowsers at the knees is an evidence of piety is so plain that there is no occasion for saying more on this point.

There is no plane of existence inferior to that of useful manhood in which generous bagging at the knees is an unfailing characteristic of its occupants. There is but one creature that is man's equal, whose trowsers do not bag at the knees; and—well, we would rather, honor bright, that the lessons intended to be set forth in these observations should all go to the deuce than that she should cease to be the exception.

But the exception in this matter, as in most others, only goes to give force to the rule. It is natural and necessary that the trowsers of man should bag at the knees. It is unnatural and unnecessary to oppose this tendency; and the ninety and nine who look down and see their kneepans outlined and magnified midway of their trowsers legs should feel pride and not humiliation in the presence of the one whose trowsers legs conform to the equation of a straight line.

Children's Poets.

It has been often demonstrated, and as often forgotten, that children do not need to have poetry written down to their intellectual level, and do not love to see the stately muse ostentatiously bending to their ear. In the matter of prose, it seems necessary for them to have a literature of their own, over which they linger willingly for a little while, as though in the sunny antechamber of a king. But in the golden palace of the poets there is no period of probation, there is no enforced attendance upon petty things. The clear-eyed children go straight to the heart of the poet, and recognize in the music of words, in the enduring charm of metrical quality, an element of never ending delight. When to this simple sensuous pleasure is added the enchantment of poetic images, lovely and veiled and dimly understood, then the delights grown sweeter and keener and one life long source of happiness is gained. There is no poet dearer to the young than Tennyson, and it should not be the least of his joys to know that all over the English-speaking world children are tuning their hearts to the music of his lines, are dreaming vaguely and rapturously over the beauty he has revealed. Therefore the insult seems greater and more wanton when this beloved idol of our nurseries delibe rately offers to his eager audience such anxiously babyish verses as those about Minnie and Winnie, and the little city maiden who goes straying among the flowers. Is there in Christendom a child who wants to be told by the greatest of living poets that

"Minnie and Winnie
Slept in a shell;"

that the shell was pink within and silver without; and that

"Sounds of the great sea
Wandered about.

"Two bright stars
Peep'd into the shell.
What are they dreaming of?
Who can tell?"

It is not in these tones that poetry speaks to the childish soul, though it is too often in this fashion that the poet strives to adjust himself to what he thinks is the childish standard. He lowers his sublime head from the stars, and pipes with painstaking flatness on a little reed, while the children wander far away and listen breathlessly to older and dreamier strains.—*Atlantic.*

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requesting for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

IVY LEAF.—Be kind enough to read rules.

PANSY.—Your writing is not sufficiently formed for delineation.

TESSA.—1. It is left to your imagination. 2. Your writing shows discretion, lack of decision, good temper, taste for beauty, some humor, care, order and perseverance.

LYNETTE.—Your writing is not yet formed for a study, but indicates a good deal of self-reliance, generous and noble lines. Sorry to have kept you waiting so long, my little friend.

JOHN SMITH'S WIFE.—A little careless, a little fond of talking, a little witty, a little self-willed, a little artistic, and a little woman of truly feminine traits, fond of life's good things and deserving them.

NEW STAR.—You are imaginative, sympathetic, and kind, have good energy, rather conservative in opinions, is a counsel in a fraction, even in temper, fond of variety, and a little bit set on having your own way, though you do it generously that you can scarcely see.

BEELZEBUB.—Very pretense, very smart, no doubt, but to me very shocking was your so-called study. How could you write such abominable profanity in a presumably decent person? I need not say it is in the W. F. R. I wish you could know just how repulsive such efforts are.

GARNETTE.—A refined, rather energetic lady, of decided will, rather conservative opinions, careful method and rather frank and open nature. Her affections are concentrated and true, and her grasp firm on any thing she or she is interested in. I have rarely seen better constancy and evenness of char acter.

LESKA.—1. Oil and brushing. Don't wash it much. 2. Your writing shows rather a fondness for pleasure and love of ease. You are self-assertive, good-tempered, even in disposition, slightly imaginative and rather large and generous in your views. The small *finesse* of women is unknown to you.

AUNTIE.—Your pretty writing is rather formal and studied, but you are evidently only forming it. Love of beauty, kindness and will are shown, also excellent humor, generosity and care. I should fancy you very fond of fun. Your writing shows good ability and I don't see anything against your making a successful artist.

MARGUERITE.—So many Marguerites have written that I begin to tremble lest the delineations have got mixed. This particular daisy was picked in Glencairn. The writing shows hasty thought, energy, rather a hopeful mind, careful and orderly, a sensitive, practical nature, constant and even disposition, and a saving, refined and discreet method.

EUPHONIA.—This is the writing of a thoughtful but very active and unsettled mind, whose tendencies are to pessimism and who is, while self-conscious, yet to a certain extent careless of public opinion. The writer is a stoic to be exact, probably fussy over small matters, not always frank and consistent, probably rather a difficult person to confuse and not too amiable.

STRAWBERRY.—You are ladylike and discreet, rather fond of social intercourse, persevering in effort, and with good concentrative power. Your affections are rather enduring than impulsive, and your disposition and temper calm and even. You are systematic and orderly, rather frank and not too bigoted in opinions, and you have certain original ways of working that are admirable.

B. B.—1. A person is never justified in telling an untruth in any circumstance whatever. 2. Your writing shows some identity, plenty of sociability, lack of tact, small imagination, good energy, great kindness and amiability. You are self-reliant, a little selfish and not at all the person I would ask to be my friend. Your opinions because you would find it too hard work. You would be a good and loyal friend.

CANADA FOR EVER.—She appears as a capable, willful and self-conscious person, with some humor, fidelity, imagination, good perseverance, a little pleasure of speech, and a rather warm temper. She is not tied to rules in her daily life, is decided in opinion, is honest as the day, and sometimes a little faulty in tact and discernment. Her temper is sensitive and her sympathy reserved for those having a near claim on her.

MORNING DEWDROP.—This is an open and frank nature, rather fond of and somewhat jealous of praise, sharp in her judgment, but generous and forgiving. The writer shows originality, but sadly lacks grace and ease and is apt to change her mode in a bewildering manner. A conscious yet right self-respect is healthily evident. In affection she is constant and in opinions decidedly conservative. Not much buoyancy or snap is shown.

EDINA FITCHE.—This writing shows tenacity, decision and consistency. The writer is strong rather than refined, though no coarseness mars her chirography. She is fond of her own opinions and attached to her own ways, is somewhat sensitive in love, fond of poetry and though lacking in artistic power herself can so joy and appreciate it in others. She is individuality, prudence in speech, conscientious work and order are shown.

VANITY FAIR.—This is the writing of a refined and self-controlled person, with some humor, fidelity, imagination and high aims. It is not noticeable for great decision nor self-assertion, but has just suffi-lent strength to balance it. The writer is fond of fun and of good poetry, nearly any travelling, is full of in pulse and warmth, but knows how to keep her feelings in check. Is rather faithful and true, but some lines seem to denote melancholy or at least pensiveness.

NYASSA.—Your writing has an all-overishness that tells of unsystematic method, sketchy thought and want of practical concentrated effort. It is amiable and honest, possesses some discretion, careful and conscientious, rather loquacious and probably fond of society. You are original in your tastes, fond of change, eager for praise, a little bit of a hypocrite, and a little faithless in friendship. Your letter was not at all silly, not in the least like some I have suff ered from.

DICK.—1. Be energetic, unrestricted and practical nature is shown. You are rather good-natured, able to look well after the main chance, fond of planning and with a good eye to business. Your temper is rather quick, but easily appeased; strongly set in your own opinions, conserve your efforts and waste no strength in crying over spilled milk. You are fond of good poetry, nearly any travelling, is full of in pulse and warmth, but knows how to keep her feelings in check. Is rather faithful and true, but some lines seem to denote melancholy or at least pensiveness.

DICK.—1. Kismet means "It is fate," and is used by all good Mohammedans when finally their acquaintance in the world or in matters befalls them. It is Turkish. 2. You were right in a measure about the nationality. Irish parentage but born in Canada and quite some time in your own land. 3 Thanks for good wishes. Your writing is hopeful, brave and abundantly energetic. Though fond of a lark have an excellent idea of right and of good morals, generous, frank, good-natured, truthful and with great self-respect. You did not laugh more than I did over the equi-barine party.

DIRTLEW.—1. If there is no objection I don't see why not, though the advantage is mostly on the side of the man. If neither is disposed to be jealous or unfaithful it would probably stand the test of time, but, Dirtlew, secret engagements are most often a mistake. If, as you say, you are in the habit of corresponding with him, it might be kept quiet. 2. I don't know who wrote the lines you quote. 3 Your writing shows strong will and a little selfishness, some decided opinions. You are pretty orderly and careful, honest and entirely averse to all underhand dealings, but you are willful sometimes.

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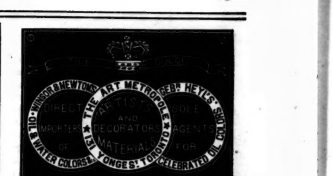

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Married in blue, he will always be true;
Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl;
Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow;
Married in brown, you will live out of town;
Married in pink, your spirits will sink;
Married or not, you may have to toil;
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Music.

A FEW nights ago I wandered into the music hall of the Toronto College of Music, where I found the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society at work on Bridge's Callirhoe and Gounod's Redemption. The latter work especially appealed to my musical sense, as it recalled the halcyon days of 1882, when both Choral and Philharmonic Societies announced the Redemption as their work for the next season. A lively battle was fought in the papers and in the haunts where the music-mad used to gather. One of these was the shop of a man who was a good musician himself, and an energetic pusher of whatever scheme he was for the moment interested in. He was a good organizer, and untiring in his efforts to place the crown of success and supremacy upon his protege of the moment. So much so, that we used to call him the Musical Warwick, as he was always making kings, musically considered, and seeking to overthrow them again. We used to tell him that the price of his support was the subserviency of the child of the moment to his ideas and to his will. He aided in the organization of the Philharmonic Society, and when strong minds and decided ideas began to show themselves alongside of our Kingmaker, he quarelled and went into a corner and meditated. The result of his meditations was the organization of the Toronto Choral Society, which he assisted in developing into strength and life and efficiency. But soon the bantling began to crow and show its independence of our Warwick, and he again set up his creative incubation, with the result of the establishment of the Monday popular concerts. This was the best series of musical entertainments we ever had in Toronto, and was extremely creditable to our friend and his associates. Subsequently he was gently charged with having conspired to launch the Toronto Vocal Society on the field of popular favor. When these doings of his, be they true or otherwise, were brought to his notice, it was amusing to see the flattered air which struggled on his countenance with the desire to be impressive in denials and deprecation of the soft impeachment. He would give a peculiar cough—which was the signal for his interlocutors to look at each other with a wary eye, understanding that what followed this tussicular warning was to be taken *cum grano salis*—and say: "No, my dear fellow, you are wrong." Yet I verily believe that he would then go to the wilderness at the back of his shop, look in the mirror, and say: "M ——, old boy, I wonder if Guy Neville looked like you!" for he always disappeared for a few moments, and returned looking particularly self-appreciative.

*

Well, to return to the Redemption Orchestra. I have rarely enjoyed an orchestral rehearsal so much as I did that of Saturday evening. Meagre as some of its details were, and plentiful as were the hiatuses, I could still recall the glowing sensations I felt when first its beauties were shown me. The gorgeous coloring, the sensuous melodies, and the fine, solid choral treatment, all came back to me, and I felt that the lapse of eight years since its last performance here must have produced an army of concert-goers to-day who have not heard it, and whose musical experiences will be decidedly incomplete if they miss hearing it in April. The orchestral work, alone, of the oratorio would amply repay them for going, to which is to be added some of Gounod's best choral work. Mr. Torrington tells me that his chorus is coming up in fine shape. The soloists, in addition to Mr. Whitney Mockridge, will be, so far as at present chosen, Miss Katie Ryan, Mrs. Petley, Mr. Fred Warrington and Mr. E. W. Schuch.

*

The Choral Society, too, is putting forth strenuous efforts to make its concert on Tuesday night next a complete success. On Monday evening last a full rehearsal of orchestra and chorus, and some of the soloists, was held with results gratifying alike to conductor and committee, so that we may expect a treat. Mr. Francois Boucher, an old favorite here, has been engaged to assist in the orchestral work, as well as to play a solo.

On the evening of St. Patrick's Day the Sims Richards family gave a very acceptable drawing-room entertainment in the lecture-room of Carlton street Methodist church. Everybody knows Mr. Sims Richards, or at all events has heard him sing some of his stirring English lyrics. His young family has inherited his cleverness, and those younger ladies assist in a varied and unique programme consisting of quartettes, duetts, songs, banjo, violin and mandolin selections, archery, fencing and humorous shadowgraphs, all combining to form a most desirable evening's enjoyment.

On Tuesday evening the excellent choir of the Jarvis street Baptist church gave an evening of music and recitations, being assisted by Mr. Edgar J. Ebbels, and by the following pianists, Misses Andrich, Benson, Burke, Gaylord and Mr. W. H. Hewlett, jr. Mr. Vogt directed and had the pleasure of seeing a large audience attend his entertainment, which went off with success in all its details.

*

Mr. Frederic Boscovitz has been engaged to play at the next concert of the Toronto Vocal Society.

*

Messrs. Suckling & Son report the most gratifying success with their subscription list for the Albani-Pachmann concert on April 11. They will at once proceed to devote their energies to the Edward Lloyd concert, which takes place on Thursday, May 5.

*

Mr. Joseph Barnby recently read a paper before the Choral Conductors' Alliance of England on The Conductor's Art. An excellent report is given in *London Musical Opinion*. A few thoughts from Mr. Barnby's lecture may not be uninstructive to my readers, particularly as some little discussion has been going on here concerning the antiquity, in England at all events, of the conductor's office. Mr. Barnby says: "When Spohr came over to this country in 1820 to conduct a performance of the Philharmonic Society, he, on that occasion, took out of his pocket a stick, much to the surprise, and not a little to the amusement, of everybody about him." Mr. Barnby further quotes Sir George Grove as follows: "A separate conductor, standing in front of the orchestra and beating time with a baton, though apparently long known abroad, is in England an institution of comparatively recent date. In former times the chief musician sat at a pianoforte in the orchestra with a score before him; but it does not appear that he beat time continuously, or in any way influenced the band, or did more than put in a few chords now and then, when the orchestra was going astray, which, when heard, must have had a very bad effect. The leader it was who kept the band together—or, as nearly together as possible—beating time with his bow, stamping, and occasionally tapping on the desk. He must have been occupied largely as our theater-orchestra-leaders are, with the exception that he did not show the additional accomplishment of swaying body, florlo, and bow to indicate the time."

*

Spohr congratulated himself that he had permanently introduced into England the desirable innovation of a conductor, who did no instrumental work in the orchestra, but it was not until twenty-four years later that uniformity in this respect was introduced into the London Philharmonic Society, when five concerts were conducted by Mendelssohn. The concerts of 1845 were conducted, three by Sir H. Bishop and five by Moscheles. It was, however, in 1846 that it first became customary to announce on the programme that So-and-So would "conduct." In that year the line ran "Conductor, Signor (afterwards Sir Michael) Costa." It is even likely that Handel never conducted, as we understand the word to-day, any of his oratorios, but led his accompaniments from his seat at the harpsichord or at the organ. Mr. Barnby says: "A conductor is not only born, he is made as well; he should be one by nature, and should have some experience; he should have a strong will; he should have magnetic influence; he should have a quick ear; he should have a sharp tongue; he should use very few words, but those words should be to the point, such as 'attack,' 'short,' 'sharp,' and others of like pungency." He then went on to give some common-sense suggestions as to the government of rehearsals—so common-sense that it would surprise the reader to find how *apropos* they are, and yet how very seldom they are carried out. One especially which, if condensed, would read somewhat in this manner: Do not stop your chorus every few bars for observance of expression marks, before they have learnt the notes.

*

I find that my fear that I had omitted a name from the formidable list of performers at the Herbert L. Clarke concert was well grounded, as that of one of the most amiable and genial of men was omitted. Having already apologized, I need only add it now—that of Tom Hurst.

METRONOME.

A Heavy Snow Fall.

Dudlish Smith—I like snow; don't you? Especially when—

Voice from roof—'Scuse me, gents; that was an accident.

The Obstacle.

Van Trim—But you admit you love me?
Madge—Yes.
Van Trim—And your parents favor me?
Madge—Yes.
Van Trim—Well, how is it you won't marry me?
Madge—I'm not quite sure yet whether Fido loves you as he should.

Surprising.

Bride (just after the wedding)—Alfred, you promised to give me a surprise after we were married. Say, what is it?
Groom (a widower)—I've got six children, my pet.

Resisting Temptation.

Rosalie—Now don't tell any one what I have said.
Grace—I won't. I'll stay home from the sewing class on purpose.

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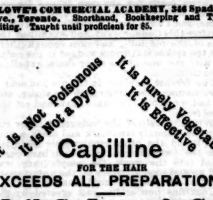

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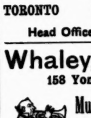

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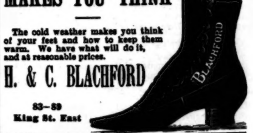

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The Louisiana Nuisance.

The great American Lottery is on its last legs—perhaps—and nobody will shed tears over its corpse except those who fattened on its ill-gotten gains, and the fools about country who liked to throw away their money. It might be sad to think of so much good ammunition wasted in preparation for a fight that ended almost before it began, if we were sure it really was ended; but those who were getting ready for the renewed and invigorated crusade against this abuse do not yet feel as if their occupation were gone, nor trust the belated repentance of the foe. If he has really abandoned the field, they will have the consolation of reflecting that the knowledge of what they were after brought about the end at which they aimed, only more speedily than they expected; for if there had been no active and earnest opposition to our national Monte Carlo, the Lottery would long have remained in full blast.

"Uncle 'Riah," said an inquirer, "if you had been to Squire Brown's hen-roost, and were returning loaded down with poultry, when you heard the squire after you on one side, and saw the police on the other, what would you do?"

"In dat case," the colored sage replied, "dis niggah jist drap dem chickings right in de road dah, an' take to de woods."

But in this case the police will be wise to keep on watch, lest Uncle 'Riah should resume his predatory habits.—*Lippincott's.*

Encouragement.

Young man, in search of a job, cheer up, and consider the oyster, to whom an opening comes when he doesn't expect it.

Mattie Vickers.

The attraction at the Academy of Music for next week, commencing Monday, March 28, will be that well known and accomplished soubrette, Mattie Vickers, who, in conjunction with her company of merry comedians, will present during her engagement her two most successful comedies entitled Jacquine, or Life Behind the Scenes, and The Circus Queen. Miss Mattie Vickers is probably one of the most versatile, and certainly one of the most clever soubrettes the stage has seen in many years. She is plump and pretty, and her naturalness and charming ingenuousness are given wide scope in the character of Jacquine. The play is replete with comical situations and witty dialogue. Its purport is mainly to afford Jacquine, a poor, roystering, slangy, but talented young girl, an opportunity of becoming an actress, and this she does, thereby enabling the spectator to form an idea of the tribulations of the straitened manager who has to contend with capricious actresses.

The Circus Queen, which will be produced the latter half of the week, is a comedy drama that will always please theater-goers. It is replete with specialities all bright and sparkling, and it also combines the pathetic with the ludicrous.

Our readers will please note that on Tuesday evening next the performance will be for the benefit of Manager Kirchmer.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll will undoubtedly meet a full house in the Auditorium on Monday evening. His lecture on Shakespeare is well known as one of the best of the day, for he not only possesses remarkable eloquence but has been a most sympathetic student of the great dramatist.

ROSINA VOKES

SUPPORTED BY

Felix Morris

AND HER

London Comedy Company

AT THE

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

ON

THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY

March 31, April 1 and 2

For repertoire see page 6.

ALBANI

DE PACHMANN

SIGNOR VIANESI, Conductor

Pavilion, Monday April 11

Subscription list closes at Messrs. Suckling & Sons' Music Warerooms Wednesday next, 30th inst.

Toronto Choral Society Concert

PAVILION MUSIC HALL,

Tuesday, March 29, 1892

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A professional Orchestra of fifty pieces will assist.

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AND

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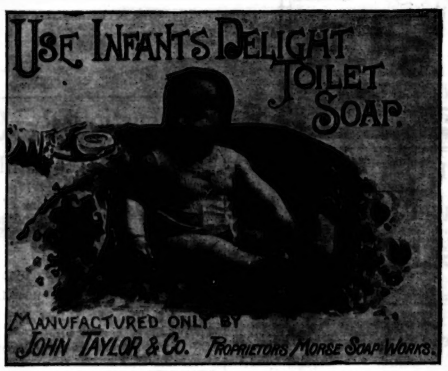

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At time of writing our store is literally crowded — upstairs and downstairs. What expressions of delight are heard all around: The millinery is lovely; the mantles are beautiful; why, you would think this was the month of May; such a garden of flowers; delightful. These are a few of the remarks that were overheard.

This is the second day of our millinery opening, and we congratulate ourselves on the grand success it has been. We may state to our many customers and friends that we are now in a position to serve you in the best possible manner. We can show you the cheapest goods—all round—on Yonge street, King street or any other street in the Dominion of Canada.

Don't forget that the Page stock of underwear is still booming, also our Curtain Department is about complete with everything in that line. House cleaning is about starting, and don't forget to examine before you buy.

MANTLES

We cannot say too much for this department. The stock is really beautiful, and the goods are selling quick.

We would also remind you that our Dress Goods, Laces, Embroideries, Gold and Silver Trimmings, Hosiery are all of the best quality, and the least of all—prices the lowest.

Early purchasers have the best opportunity anywhere and at all times, but do not forget to call at

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We will not attempt a detailed or descriptive announcement, but cordially solicit a personal inspection and criticism by the ladies. Above dates will also be SPECIAL EXHIBITION DAYS in our Silk and Dress Goods Departments.

R. WALKER & SONS 33, 35, 37, 39, 41 and 43 King Street East

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OF SECOND-HAND

PIANOS AND ORGANS

Having just completed our annual stock taking we have decided to mark down and sell off the whole of our **second-hand stock** by special sale running two weeks from date.

We have nearly **fifty pianos,** good, bad and indifferent, at prices from **$25 each** and upwards, and really good organs from $20 upwards. Many of these instruments are excellent, and many of them are poor, but prices are marked to suit the qualities, so do not blame us for want of frankness. Call and examine them for yourselves.

Mason & Risch, 32 King St. West

Art and Artists.

I paid a visit to the studio of Mr. T. Mower Martin last week, and saw the pictures which he sent to Ottawa. The largest one, entitled In Charge, is a well painted work of unusual strength in conception and design. The scene is familiar to hunters on the inland lakes. A deer was shot and left on the lake shore with a hound in charge of the carcase. The background shows a wide expanse of sky and water, and far away on the surface of the lake the canoe of the returning hunter is seen. The drawing is excellent, the color good and in the studio the distance seemed well managed.

•

A place of honor in the Ottawa exhibition has been given to Carl Ahrens' Cradled in a Net, a child picture, which has been casually mentioned in this paper previously. The subject is a fisherman's little child who has been put to sleep in an *extempore* cradle of the net, which hangs upon the wall. In the upper right hand corner a small bit of landscape is seen through the window, from which a subdued light is shining upon the child's face. The color key-note is a soft brown, and a beautiful rich effect is given by a red flag hanging upon the wall. The composition and flesh painting are good, and altogether the picture is calculated to give an emotional sense of delight. When one considers that it is but four years since Mr. Ahrens first touched a paint brush, the rapid advance he has made quite entitles him to the honorable position which has been given him at Ottawa.

•

In The Foreclosure of the Mortgage Mr. G. A. Reid has made a picture which is more likely to be popular with the general public than with artists. Pathos has a higher place than grace or beauty in this picture. There is some admirable figure painting, though some carelessness in detail. The sad light of the dreary day is splendidly managed, and the interior perspective wonderfully fine. The composition is not too unwieldy for realism, though the picture itself is much too large for the character of its subject. At the pleasant reception held last Saturday by Mr. and Mrs. Reid, I also noticed some rose-pieces by Mrs. Reid, one of which, a collection of pink roses, was as near perfection as could be.

•

A friend writes me that the Ottawa exhibition contains some very fine pictures, which I regret to say I am not familiar with, by Messrs. Bremner, Percy Woodcock, E. Wylie Grier, Homer Watson, Brunell, Hammond and others.

•

Mr. O. A. Howland, chairman of the O. S. A. executive committee, is working hard to secure the old Upper Canada College building for the future home of the society. And Mr. W. A. Sherwood is setting a worthy example to men who sneer much but do little, by the hard work he is doing to make next May's exhibition a success.

•

Messrs. Carl Ahrens and J. A. Radford are the printing committee for the next exhibition, and request me to say that all artists who have not received communications from them will confer a favor by applying for information to J. A. Radford, 13 Adelaide street east, as to the illustrations of the catalogue.

•

Mr. J. W. L. Forster is at work on a good portrait of a young lady. The coloring is subdued and beautiful and the work has more of the character of a picture than a portrait. The young lady is attired in a mauve gown and the background is toned to harmonize with this color.

•

The sale of the late G. T. Berthon's collection of pictures will be of great interest to artists and picture buyers. It takes place at 533 Sherbourne street on Friday, April 1, and will continue all day. The collection includes portraits of many prominent Canadians, one of the few portraits for which Napoleon ever sat, by Mr. Berthon's father, a painting by Otto and the works of many other famous artists.

•

On Tuesday evening the Ontario Society of Artists will treat their guests to what promises to be one of the most notable of their popular Art Evenings. It is the fifth of the series and is a departure from the previous ones, in that it will have a thorough poetic programme in which Mr. S. H. Clark will recite the most excellent of Longfellow's poems. Miss Jardine Thomson and others will contribute several songs by the great American poet. The Hon. Charles Pope, United States Consul, will preside.

•

The reception committee of the O. S. A., for this year, will be M. Matthews, G. A. Reid, W. A. Sherwood, Jas. Smith, O. R. Jacobi, J. W. L. Forster, J. H. Wilkinson. CHAD.

Official Inexactitude

The mistake of a clerk sent an innocent man to the penitentiary for six months, and he had his head shaved and wore the stripes three weeks before the mistake was corrected. The remarkable part of this story is that the man isn't there yet.

BEWARE of the MICROBE

From the Irish Canadian, February 11, 1892.

THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE; and if life is to be preserved and prolonged, an imperative condition is that the blood be pure, rich and active. For all the ills to which flesh is heir there is but one cause, and that cause most undeniably is vitiated or impure blood. Where, therefore, the life-giving current is weak and sluggish, there will be found an enfeebled constitution, the result of germs insidiously impregnating the system with disease. These germs or microbes feed upon the blood and tissues; and when the poison of their actions set in, the end is not far off. Few there are who fully comprehend the danger which lurk in the vicinity of those almost imperceptible particles which find lodgement in the human organization; and it is only when their destructive inroads became apparent that the sufferer realizes peril, and casts about for relief. All the known remedies are employed and medical science is called in—and yet a cure is seldom or never effected. The microbe or blood foe seems to be unscathed by the most elaborate prescriptions; and the only effectual check to its growth and mischief, of which account is taken, is that devised by Mr. Radam, whose name has leaped into prominence within the last few years, and whose remedy challenges the skeptical to a test. His Microbe Killer is of comparatively recent discovery; but short as has been its record the proofs are many that the discovery has not been made in vain, but that it is a priceless boon to suffering humanity. You who are laboring under physical ailment may not be cured by Radam's Microbe Killer; but you cannot tell till you try it.

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☞ Mention this paper when writing.

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William—Well, ma'am, I've learned not to steal.

Sunday School Teacher—Now, Johnny, what have you learned?

Johnny—I haven't learned much, ma'am; only just not to trump my partner's ace.

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Births.

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TORRANCE—March 21, Mrs. A. I. Torrance—a daughter.
THOMPSON—March 22, Mrs. W. A. Thompson—a daughter.
WELLS—March 12, Mrs. J. E. Wells—a son.
JOHNSON—March 17, Mrs. T. A. Johnson—a daughter.
BARLEE—March 16, Mrs. F. E. S. Barlee—a daughter.
HEWARD—March 12, Mrs. Capt. Heward—a daughter.
HELME—March 15, Mrs. R. Helme—a son.
FORTERSFIELD—March 16—Mrs. T. Forterfield—a son.
COOK—March 13, Mrs. Fred Cook—a daughter.
DIGBY—March 11, Mrs. Dr. Digby—a daughter.
RYERSON—March 14, Mrs. Sterling Ryerson—a daughter.
ATKINS—March 17, Mrs. Atkins—a daughter (still born).
ADAMS—March 14, Mrs. Mercer J. Adams—a daughter.
DUGGAN—March 15, Mrs. E. H. Duggan—a daughter.
SHAW—March 15, Mrs. F. W. L. Shaw—a daughter.
FORSYTH—March 15, Mrs. W. O. Forsyth—a daughter.
THOMPSON—March 17, Mrs. Charles Thompson—a daughter.

Marriages.

TUCKER—MASSIE—March 16, Baruch Tucker to Elizabeth Massie.
ELLERBY—BROWN—March 16, W. Ellerby to Hattie Brown.
McGOVERN—STOW—March 17, William McGovern to Frances Stow.
WEIR PEARSON—March 16, Thomas Weir to Martha Pearson.
TOMPKINS—AMES—March 15, W. Tompkins to Lilian Ames.
HAIN—HAYES—March 21, George P. Hain to Minnie Hayes.
DEVITT—FOSTER—March 15, W. J. Devitt to Jennie Foster.
THOMPSON—March 22, Chas Louise Thompson, aged 21.
FITCH—March 16, Harriet Amanda Fitch.
LESLIE—March 15, Marion G. Leslie, aged 40.
SCOTT—March 19, Annie E. Scott.
CAMPBELL—March, Will S Campbell, aged 25.
McLELLAN—March 16, David McLellan.
MELTON—March 17, Herbert E. Melton.
ROEBUCK—March 17, Susan Roebuck, aged 82.
ROSE—March 16, John Rose, aged 67.
CAULDWELL—March 15, Jennie Cauldwell.
McGUIRE—March 16, John McGuire, aged 57.
WADDELL—March 15, John P. Waddell.
JOHNSON—Mar h 21, Beatrice Johnson.
FETHERSTONHAUGH—March 16, F. Fetherstonhaugh.
HUNTER—March 18, Isabella Hunter, aged 62.
WINGATE—March 18, Sabrina Wingate, aged 72.

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